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God's Orphan.

II.

Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake.
Then a breath passed over my face;
The hair of my flesh stood up.
It stood still, but I could not discern the appearance thereof;
A form was before mine eyes:
Silence—and a voice!

WHAT might have been Menandrión's fate had he remained in the Egyptian temple, it is hard to prophesy. Possibly he would have reached, as had his master, an old age of placid piety, the crises of mystical experience becoming rarer and less acute. Certainly, the calamity which was the immediate result of his departure for Smyrna would have affected him but gradually, if indeed it had ever overtaken him at all.

But the spiritual development of a devotee could in no case have been a simple process. Not only were souls from their origin of very various quality, but, in so subjective a transaction as was the Isiac initiation, it was no absolute amount, as it were, of mystical impulse that was infused into each during the great night. A double source of variations was thus active from the first: different qualities of reaction affected a material which the agent had in the beginning differently taken over.

Violent reactions from spiritual exaltation to sensual depravity were probably rare: occasions for the morbid oscillation between scourge and debauchery, continual, for instance, in the case of the wandering priests of Cybele, would have been lacking in those quiet temples. The psychological equilibrium would mostly maintain itself, sinking however, in most cases, from plane to plane of spiritual values, from the level where great dangers were the condition of high achievement, to that of the daily round of duties and taboos, observed

without intense conviction even as against no great interior opposition. In some souls the sordid instincts of the money-making priest would emerge; trickeries would be resorted to, and the lash of insincere popular excitement: vice would lie nearer to such natures, doubtless; though not as a relief to nerves unendurably irritated by devotional excesses, but as the natural resort of low organisms.

Menandrión's case, least of all, was simple. He had sought, as we have shown, to regard the universe as a purely negative system, in which all his wonderfully refined powers of sense and soul were at stretch, intensely appreciating the loveliness of environment, the sublimity of doctrine, only the more fully and consciously to reject them in favour of the invisible, unthinkable Fact which was the ultimate. The process was almost one of magic: into a soul evacuated of sense, and reasoning, and desire, the divine *must*, by an essential law, flow. To trust to thing or thought as effective of that union would have been presumption. To trust to the method as infallibly efficacious was perhaps not presumption, since the method was held to be essentially involved in the natures of the Divine and of the soul. In the event, therefore, of God or soul being other than he conceived them (respectively, for instance, not wholly antagonistic to the created; and incapable of actual annihilation to all save the pure substance of the Divine), Menandrión would have been attempting an impossible feat of spiritual acrobatics, have been seeking (if we may use a grotesque image) to climb out of his world into the vacuum above it, and there to hold himself suspended by his own hair.

And if we be inclined to assume that this was indeed his case, we have perhaps an explanation of the extraordinarily rapid failure of the habits of years to withstand the first attack they experienced. First, Menandrión had never achieved a real and fundamental separation from his world and from himself. The condition of the very aloofness in which he sought to live was a certain connection with what he shunned, as a man may hold an object away from him at arm's length, but still he holds it. Once relax the strain of repulsion, and world of sense, and soul, and self would rush back upon the devotee. Next, after the initiation, he believed something positive for the first time in his life to have been effected: the substantial contact had been established; he could rely on that; permanence of that was what alone mattered. In one single new soul-attitude,

therefore, he abandoned the ascetical exercise of repulsion, an exercise which he had held to be essentially negative in its object, but than which no more positive an activity could be imagined, and flung his whole weight on to a fabric which he believed to be alone substantial, but which, in the event, seems to have proved unreliable. He tired nerves and brain in trying to reconstitute the mode of being in which he had been during that great night: probably without the respite of a single day, he fell crashing, quite unconsciously, to the bed-rock below him from the mid-air of a false psychological position.

Certainly the catastrophe occurred long before he was aware. Only, cold winds seemed at times to blow through his walls; he had vanishing flashes in which he seemed to himself to be resting on the ground he thought to have quitted for ever. It revealed the inexperience of the prevalent asceticism, that he should have been despatched so soon to the excitements of voyage and new home; still more, that the old priest Theon should have remained to the end ignorant of the essential fragility of the boy's spiritual system. But most of all calamitous was it that his companion chanced to be the priest of an Isis temple sufficiently distant to explain Theon's knowing of him only his name. Bound himself for Ephesus, he had passed through Theon's temple on his way north, and to his care the old man had gladly confided the acolyte. They travelled, for poverty's sake, on a slow coasting vessel, and the journey lasted many hot days.

The priest's unspirituality was from the first apparent. Easily flustered by hurry or small *contretemps*, he dropped at once, in such moments, the easy smile and devout phrase with which he usually approached Menandrión, anxious lest the boy should send adverse testimony of him to the influential Superior. And the insincerity apprehended in this priest, was what first condensed, into an all-but impalpable consistency, the cold atmosphere floating round about Menandrión; bringing the sickening impression that there was unreality somewhere, along with the religion—that his own life might be knit up with a lie. Not yet definitely conscious of this fear, Menandrión would none the less feel at times, an unexplained sick fluttering over his heart: he fled from it to the cabin, and prayed painful prayers before the little picture, riveting to it the thought which he could still easily control, but only, as it were, from without; the interior impulse fainted, and his soul shuddered.

There was another influence, a breeze not chill, this time, so much as anxious, intermittent, chopping the surface of recollection into irritability. A man, leaning against the bulwarks, kept looking at Menandrión, and appeared constantly to repress an impulse to speak to him. He was well-dressed, making it curious that he should care to sail in this poor boat. His expression was so contradictory as of itself to catch idle attention. Evidently a man of the world, he yet had the look inseparably associated with certain priests; on the defensive, yet complacent; mundane, yet aloof, as of one who lived prosperously on his known connection with otherworld mysteries. Lines in his face betokened extreme sensitiveness and versatility; but the lips were coarse, and might at any time let loose, in place of their wonted cynical smile, a revolting laugh. The eyes were tired, for all their boldness. This was Lucian of Samosata, "spoilt" artist, statesman, mystic; victim of hard circumstance, of a career that blighted the soul while it developed wit; tricked, first and last, by the original base metal in his mixture, making it impossible for him to live up to the high instinct, the dreams that had been his and which still hung about him, heavy clouds in which elusive lightning flickered.

With the occasionally enforced economy of a society man, Lucian was travelling by this merchant boat to Paphlagonia, where he was to study, and if possible expose, the religious outbreak connected with the name of Alexander of Abonoteichus. His eye at once fastened on Menandrión's Isiac habit, and the itch of the iconoclast, the passion to destroy, to maul, seized and shook him. Also the obvious innocence of the boy's face angered him. It belied his doctrine of priestly depravity; pity for the Ascetic was the only pose left to him in face of purity, and professions of pity really did not suit him. They were too cheap to be effective. Well, he would spoil it too, this innocence, the gods helping him. He chuckled over the devout phrase, impiously used. But there was more than innocence in that face; suffering had given it a positive quality, holiness; and here Lucian shrank: the cursed conscience was not dead; it tugged him this way and that; there was fear, remorse, horror at the thought of the boy's agony when he should find himself to have faith and purity no more. Thus he could not wholly bring himself to the attack, till Menandrión, nerves exasperated by these half movements, plunged into talk.

"I am for Smyrna, sir," he said. "And you?"

"For Paphlagonia, my friend," said Lucian, calmed at once by speaking. "My name is Lucian of Samosata, of whom you will scarcely have heard." His vanity prompted the remark. It was obvious that the rhetorician's tawdry fame would not have reached this recluse's sanctuary: but Lucian was essentially an actor, and he played his airs and modest graces for the applause of an imaginary audience, never absent.

Menandrión's confession of ignorance struck out a gibe which, again, only that audience would have appreciated.

"You are travelling of course with the venerable priest. His son?"

The boy reddened, but simply took Lucian's unawareness of the Isiac vow for granted. Far, therefore, from supposing an insult, he realized the opportunity, so early offered, of doing work for the high religion, of winning this soul to the goddess.

"I am Menandrión son of Menander," he said simply. "Mithrobesches is priest of Isis, and does not wed."

He eagerly explained his position, recounted his history. Lucian at first listened closely, morbidly fascinated by the spiritual beauty revealed. Here was stuff to spoil! Here were lilies that should rot! But incapable of maintaining a mental attitude, even bad, for long, he grew wearied at last, and took to watching the vanishing whirlpools left by the oars as they picked themselves out of the water. But at least, he remembered, here might be matter for a new 'Dialogue.' He pulled himself together.

"Beautiful," said he, "and most interesting. Alas, my old eyes cannot hope to see the levels where your boy's feet stand."

"But the goddess," said Menandrión, "is always powerful to help a man to climb; to leave the low valleys and the herd," he added, using without insincerity his ascetical *cliché*.

"The herd!" thought Lucian, now frankly amused. "So I belong to the herd. This is refreshing." But after a moment of silence, his emotions vibrated to the thought that there was truth here . . . was it unjustified, that unmeant corollary attached to the boy's words? He returned to the attack.

"And are you happy," he said, "at the top of your mountain?"

A week ago the answer would have been in terms of rapture. As it was, Menandrión hesitated.

"I am still very far from the top," he said; "and from perfect Happiness."

"Why," said the other, "you might die before it comes, and all your trouble for nothing! Or it might come only to your old age, after a life of labour. Would one poor year repay you?"

"One moment would repay me," said he; "and the toil itself is happy: and after death the happiness will be eternal."

"Ah, lad," said Lucian, unable to resist his favourite commonplace, "in death your skull and mine, the priest's and the pilot's, will look alike enough! Though," he added, glancing at the boy's plain linen dress, "you will be the happier for having less luggage than I to leave behind you at that Ferry."

"Oh, sir," said Menandrión: "if you see that, why not join with us at once . . . strip yourself, whom death must one day strip . . .," and he too had his commonplaces.

"But listen," said Lucian. "Were I ready to follow, I still must choose a guide! I have seen many roads and many would-be guides. I am an Odysseus, many-travelled in mind and body; you were tied to the wrist of one before ever your eyes were opened; you couldn't choose, and can't! The rival masters all profess to teach the divine wisdom, but it seems to me one needs the wisdom at the outset, to know which is the worthiest professor!"

"But Isis—surely there is none like her—so ancient, so pure!"

"Oh, but it's not *you* who must sing me her praises! Do I trust a pedlar's verdict on his own wares? I go to other sources! But I'll grant you this; you've never seen anything better; yes, I grant that."

"There *can't* be anything better."

"Said the untravelled Ethiop, 'there *can't* be white men.'"

"But the priests showed me how poor the other religions were," began Menandrión.

"Shadow-fighters, my lad. Or at most slayers of their own straw-effigies! The Mithra-man will tell me as bad and worse of you. Am I to let *him* lead me by the nose? I must test each and all for myself, and that takes several lifetimes. You see it can't be done."

"You *needn't* try them all. You know at once—Oh," cried Menandrión suddenly, delighted at a comparison flashed to him, "we once had a gold cup stolen, and locked the doors, and

the first man we searched had it on him! We didn't search the rest! One was enough."

"You're clever at this game," said Lucian, flicked. "But it won't do. You only *recognized* your cup. I've got to *find* truth! I don't know whether I'm after a cup or a saucer, or whether it'll be of gold, or clay, or wood. And suppose I do find this something-or-other, what's the divine mark to prove that it's the real thing?"

"I don't know what to say," the boy answered: "only you know when you've got it, I'm sure."

"Still, you haven't told me how to begin, have you? Why should I tackle one, more than another? Suppose I started with Pythagoras? Well, there's five years of silence to observe, at the outset. A fine thing for a busy man of fifty like me."

"Couldn't you begin with us? One little taste would make you see what it was all worth!"

"Like wine, you mean?" suggested Lucian.

"Yes," said Menandrión, off his guard.

"You take one sip, to test: you don't drink the whole cask, much less all possible casks. But what a bad comparison of yours," he bullied him. "Not but what priests doctor their stuff and give short measure like any tap-man! Still, you know, the first mouthful's exactly the same in kind as what follows. That's not your experience of religion, is it?"

"No!" cried he, enthusiastic over his theory that made him forget experience. "It gets sweeter and sweeter. It's a new thing every day."

"Exactly. So even if I don't like Pythagoras at first, I can't tell but what it may need just perseverance to find out it's the truth. And it may always be that one has persevered *just not* long enough. Now why did you start with Isis?"

"The goddess chose him from his cradle," said the priest, who had come up softly. "Come, my son: we must first pray, and then you shall sleep."

"But how did he know she chose him?" shouted Lucian coarsely. "And how can I tell whether she's chosen me? And why does she choose one and not another?"

"Not all things may be made known to you, Lucian," said Mithrobesches coldly. There was a *disciplina arcani*, he implied: all manner of cards were up the sacerdotal sleeve.

Lucian was furious.

The wonderful carnation colours in which the sun had steeped

the eastern coast, between the darkening sea and sky, had faded, but the night arched high above the waters, and both glowed dimly in the gloom: it was the *nox sublustris* of Horace's untranslatable felicity: night, but free, open, intoxicating with dark fire. Only in the cabin the blackness was thick, and in that blackness Menandrión prayed himself into an excited sleep, shot with nightmare.

But with the morning, inspiration came, and the early prayers were calmer. Directly Lucian appeared, Menandrión made towards him. The day was already sultry, the coast-line showing dust-coloured between water and sky bleached of colour, it seemed, in the sparkling light.

"I have thought of an answer!" said Menandrión. "Why, I am just the only person you *can* trust about Isis! Who can tell what she really is and means except the man who's tried her? Plato says you can only trust the philosopher to tell you whether the pleasure of philosophy is the best of all. Theon told me that."

"Dear, dear," said Lucian. "But that won't help us. Here am I, with roads, north, south, east, and west, going off all round me; Cybele's client goes down one, Demeter's down another, and philosophers down half a dozen more, and each of these travellers tells me he's reached the Holy City, and had joy of his citizenship. Whom am I to believe?"

"Why won't you believe *me*?"

"Why, I believe you and the rest have seen *a* city, but how do any of you know it's the right one?"

"But I was forgetting," he cried excitedly; "in a sense they all do come to it! There's only one city, but it's so huge that even roads going in opposite directions end by curving round into it. Only walk bravely, and you're bound to come. You can begin where you like."

"But surely the philosophers and the priests fight pretty lustily each for himself? If it doesn't matter which you join, why do they object to your choosing their neighbour's? Surely it's not avarice—or jealousy? Surely not that?"

"It is true that one way is better than another, though all are good. And anyhow, they all join in telling you that through religion and piety alone happiness is reached."

"But my good friend," Lucian answered, a little sharply: "nobody knows what works of religion and piety really *are*; the

Cyrenaic puts happiness in the indivisible present pleasure : you, I fancy, are far from that."

"Theon used to say that the religions were right, but the philosophies mostly wrong. I think he meant that if you worshipped strenuously, you were always on the right road, but to subject the God to reasoning led astray. Though some philosophers saw that too. Plato was fond of saying, Theon told me, how God was beyond substance and thought and everything human and higher than human, and yet the foundation and source of all the universe."

"You," said Lucian, "are evidently one of these folk who tell us that God is not up in the sky, but in the earth and the stones and the air and everything. There 're a lot of people like you. The Stoics have all their rigmarole about God's being the world's Soul, and we his limbs; and Aeschylus said, 'Zeus is the air, Zeus the earth, and Zeus the sky, yea, Zeus is all things, and what is beyond the All.' How can anything be beyond everything? And the Christians, who are a sect of the Jews, and contain different schools mixed with Cynic ideas and also Epicurean, had a sacred writing which I saw in Egypt: 'Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I.' And they have all this about being 'partakers of the divine nature.' But the only educated one I ever met, said that it was all to happen in the next world, like your plans for merging into Osiris, and these good Orphics who become Dionysus, as far as I can see. But honestly, isn't it nonsense? You're you and I am I, and we're neither of us gods, and certainly not stones, nor limbs of anything else; and if we were God, where's the use of praying, and what's the good of trying to become what we are already? Let's enjoy our godship, and all the rest of everything, since it's all God."

Menandrión, utterly disheartened and buffeted backwards and forwards by Lucian's facile talk, answered in what he could remember of the old instructions, now so thin, seemingly, and powerless against the cudgelling of logic.

"Sir," he said, "Theon told me many wonderful things, but I feel that what is most wonderful of all, he could not tell me, nor I you, nor could I tell myself. Theon assured me it would be so. Union with God is promised us, but we shall not understand it even when it comes, much less shall we be able to explain it. It is the work of the soul, not of the intellect or tongue. We cannot say what God *is*: we can only describe

what he becomes to us. He is our father and the lord of all, though we can call him by any other name if it seems to us more holy or more religious: and every name we must count holy, for the sake of our understanding. But by none of them do we really state his substance. Speech is necessary between you and me and the rest; thought is necessary for me within myself; and in the word and thought, or through them, or with them, but only so, comes the Name of God. I am not telling you this of myself, sir, but quoting what I don't really understand, though it helps me. I have some more in these papers from which I was reading before you came. They are my notes. I think they bear on the way we know the Divine even from the outset, without learning. Listen: 'The innate knowledge about the Gods comes into being together with our very substance; it is above all judgment or choice, it is there before reasoning or proof. From the first it is knit into one with its own cause, and is substantially united with the substantial rush of the soul after the good. And to speak sooth, our knitting-up with the Divine is not *knowledge*; for the knower is still somehow marked off by otherness from the known. Better than the knowledge which is as of one that knows another, is this; self-born, void of distinctions is the simple embrace that clasps God. Or rather does it clasp us, and with it we are filled, yea, and this very existence that is ours we possess precisely in this, that we are knowing God!'"

"Don't pretend you understand all that," said Lucian.

"No," said Menandrion; "I am still in the flesh. But let me read again: 'But a man must seek after his ransom and freeing from his chains. And freedom is precisely the knowing of God. The essence of bliss is this knowledge, even the knowledge of the Father; the essence of woe is all that lures us from his side, forgetfulness of the pre-substantial, the self-sufficient Father-God; and the knowledge saves the true life by leading it up unto the Father of life, while the forgetfulness drags down man who might have been lord of being, unto that which is never the same, but is ever fleeting. And only step by step do we advance: to know that we are nothing, turns us to prayers, and thence are we led to him to whom we pray, and by being ever with him, we grow like unto him; and though it can only be for few men, and that when their sun is low, that their soul will thus speed through all Being and grasp the whole and the Eternal, yet in whatever measure this is ours,

we have not only the most blessed consummation of all good, but the very bond of that one-minded love which should be among men."

Without a word Lucian turned away.

It was afternoon when Menandrión had read from his papyrus, and only the creaking of the oars was heard, as the small crew laboured in the heat: the pilot whistled from time to time, but the gaiety of morning was gone, and he ceased from his tune, like any bird exhausted by the sun and sleeping against hot rocks till evening. The smell of pitch, bubbling on the ship's sides, of garlic, and sizzling maize-cakes was everywhere. Lucian preferred to assign to these circumstances his immense depression, and to curse the recurrent impecuniosity which drove him, fashionable writer and rhetorician as he was, to travel, at times, with paupers.

But when the evening fell, he became far more honest with himself. He had laughed at the many roads, indistinguishable yet divergent, which led to the heavenly city. But he could not laugh at the vision of that city's self! The memory of those young dreams returned, distilling his soul's bitterness. The city so different from the many whither he had gone to lecture in his elegant, cold prose of a witty sceptic, where he had tasted the luxuries he craved and scorned, and the poverty he feared for his last days when the lecture-rooms would be empty, and the brain barren of dainty sophistries, the very blood too dull for the most mechanical riot. Had he not once been in the porches of its gates? None, there, were born citizens, but all had right to ultimate citizenship; many a barbarian had found his way into that register, yes, and slaves, and the little people, and the poor, and the ugly; and, in fine, to have one's share in that privilege one had only to will it! For the controllers of *that* record did not make their list on basis of wealth or habit or stature or beauty, nor of race and noble ancestry: to win the prize knowledge alone was needed, and desire of noble things, and earnest work, and perseverance not to faint upon the steepness of the road; and, once within the city, man became just "citizen;" better or worse, noble or baseborn, slave or free existed not, nay, were not so much as named among them. . . . The dream floated heavily about him on drooping wings, bringing no new resolve, offering no grip, even, upon old hopes; Lucian turned to sleep certain that the future would be as the past, brilliant, corrupt, tasteless.

And to Menandrión the night was no kinder. While he was arguing with Lucian, he had some of the human pleasure of the fight, even when he felt himself a sorry controversialist. But in the close cabin, the transient exaltation left him always more and more depressed, and at times sweating with panic at the sight of abysses, intellectual and of the will, yawning in front of him. He was still on the edge, still balanced, he would not jump; but who could promise that the cliff would not suddenly crumble, and himself be whirled downwards? Why *had* he joined Isis? committed himself to the life of renunciation? How prove that he had not wholly misinterpreted the sanction he had thought sufficient, the experience of the divine touch? In one curious detail especially he felt all slipping from him. Could he disguise from himself that the impression on initiates came chiefly along of that dim vision of "gods and goddesses" ranged about Isis, musical with sistra, which the sliding panel showed? Yet he knew that it was all the work of the temple-staff, enacting the solemn service among abrupt effects of lights and darks and sound. He had himself taken part in that miracle-play, and known that through the dark space, where the panel had slid, unseen eyes of the solitary initiate were watching him. It had never struck him as trickery. It was through this ministry of his, after much purification and penance, that, as the priest told him, the goddess willed to reach her new servant. But for that very doctrine, what sanction? Suppose—he could not see why not—there were nothing there, really, but the rhythmic dance and shifting light and shadow, and exciting tinkle of metal, to move the hysterical spectator? Suppose the flowers, and water-gardens, and prayers and dreams had all been just themselves, not vehicles, holding nothing within or beneath themselves? What was to stop him from the hateful liberty, between himself and which nothing now seemed to lie except an invisible wall of fear; a liberty in which, since he was still a man, body and soul could career through a universe of unimagined sweetnesses? Perhaps just the love for the pure memory of Theon kept him still believing and rigid: certainly he clung passionately to it, his only companion now that Mithrobeches had ceased all practical communication with him, and was always with Lucian. Indeed, both the rhetorician and the priest had insensibly altered their tone towards the boy and one another. Lucian treated the Isiac as a man of the world, a *farceur* who had no illusions

on the character of the gains he made from fools. The priest abandoned his unctuous condescension and restraint; he fed and drank heavily, snubbed Menandrión, and showed a kind of obsequious boisterousness with Lucian.

They were rounding Cnidus when an unexpected end came. The intense sultriness of the weather had long ago reduced Menandrión to great weakness; he could neither eat nor, in the thickness of the night, sleep quietly, even on deck. To-day he was there, half dozing, half listening to the talk of Lucian and the priest, as the boom creaked with the drooping sail, and the oars made their steady washing, followed by the quick drip, and plunged again. The priest mentioned the name "Domitian," and Lucian laughed a sneer. Menandrión was at once alert. The Emperor, dead long ago, was a hero of his, had figured in a thrilling tale of Theon's—how, in his boyhood, the young Flavian had escaped, on that dreadful day when the Capitol was ablaze, from the murderous Vitellian soldiery, disguised as an acolyte of Isis. And on the spot of the miraculous escape, Domitian had afterwards built, in the days of his power, a chapel to the divine Mother. And how noble, Menandrión had thought, must the rest of that exalted life have been: the death, too; a door to the vision of the greater Royalty.

He interrupted with an indignant question. The two men laughed loud. Lucian, in his worst of moods, recklessly retailed in the ears of the horrified boy the vile history of that court, and the scarcely viler apocrypha of its gossip. Menandrión, unconscious of the sun beating straight upon him, found his attention riveted to a story of which he had never heard the like. Pulses in the temples drummed noisily, his blood seethed. So even Theon had held things from him! And if here he had told the edifying incidents, suppressed the scandalous truth, where else might he not have manipulated facts, have *lied*? The cliff was crumbling. Lucian reeled off the story of that hideous death: the Emperor moved across the field of imagination; the strong man in prime of life, yet with his flesh crawling less at the ghosts of his innumerable murders, than at his own reflection, indefinitely multiplied, in the mirrors with which he had lined chamber and corridor, that death might not come from behind. Worse, surely, than lurking death, was that hunted face, his own, always flushed, forehead already bald and wrinkled? And on the last day, when the fifth hour came for which his fate had been prophesied, and when the servants (at

his own bidding, and not really deceiving him) had announced that the *sixth* was passing, he had entered the fatal bedroom, and in a moment Menandrión could watch the assassination, the Lord God rolling on the floor in death-struggle with the freedman, strangling his throat, shrieking, thrusting thin fingers into eyesockets, but with the blood still spurting, still dripping, as it seemed, from roof and walls where in the looking-glasses the ghastly wrestling reproduced itself.

Menandrión, in spite of the roaring in his head, heard every syllable. Or rather he watched the story; the florid Lucian and the linen-clad priest, veiled to his eyes in a dull red mist, seemed reeling and turning in the mirror-room, Emperor and freedman writhing in a withering heat.

"See, Mithrobeches," cried Lucian, "what will come to you and your pretty lad if you don't keep to the laws and love of the Immaculate!"

"Keep to them?" said the priest, brutally, "but what man does? I'm man, too," he quoted, prostituting the beautiful line, already famous, "'Nothing human comes amiss to me.'"

The two men broke into a roar of laughter.

To Menandrión, their figures seemed suddenly to shoot up, in the crackling of the laughter, and blind the sun. A mallet seemed to smash down upon his skull. Even in the incredibly quick coming of the sunstroke, he had time to think, first, that the mast had fallen on his head; then, that the deck had split, and he was pitching downwards into dark.

Then he passed, through a black heat, into complete unconsciousness.¹

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

¹ We trust that this presentment of Lucian may be recognized as his own, suggested in his works, and especially in the *Dialogue Hermotimus*. Some apology was perhaps needed for putting into the mouth of Menandrión words from Iamblichus (*de Myst. passim*) though we do not think that anything has been quoted that was not substantially being said in certain circles of Egyptian devotees in Menandrión's own time. He also uses the language of the *Hermes* (once assigned to Apuleius) c. 20. Domitian insisted on being called *Dominus Deus*.

(To be concluded.)

The University of Oxford and the Reformation.

I.

THE late Mr. Gladstone, in the first Romanes Lecture which he delivered before the University of Oxford in 1892, used some remarkable words, which I may take as my text for these historical notes concerning Oxford and the Reformation.

It was into polemical channels that the principal energies of the Universities in the sixteenth century were drawn. In the University of Cambridge, as it is contended, the Reformation in England had its real commencement. And most certainly Oxford, though she reared Hooper, the stiffest of all Puritans, has no claim to this distinction. On the other hand, it may, I think, be said, that the greatest English movement of that century, which engraved so deep a mark in history, had its first foundations laid far more in nationalism than in theology. But, together with the great national movement under Henry VIII., vivid, though to a great extent, latent, religious influences were at work; and of these influences on the reforming side, not the greater part only, but almost the whole belong to Cambridge. Except the influence of Jewell and Nowell, Oxford did not, I believe, contribute a single name that can be quoted to the promotion of the movement. The three famous prelates, who have been monumentally commemorated in Oxford for reasons other than academic, were Cambridge men. The Elizabethan Bishops, generally, were Cambridge men. A student of Cambridge denounced the Indulgences of Leo X. in 1571, the same year with Luther. Bilney . . . and Tindale . . . found refuge in Cambridge, at least for a period, when driven from Oxford. Every Archbishop of Canterbury between Warham and Abbot, excepting Pole, was a Cambridge man. . . .

The large relative share of Cambridge at this critical period was enhanced by the fact that there was a difference in the prevalent theological cast of the two Universities. Oxford was on the losing side; and perhaps the very ablest men among those whom she reared, such as Allen, Campion, Stapleton, and the rest, were ejected and suppressed. It might be said without any gross perversion of historical truth, that in the sixteenth century the deepest and most vital religious

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influences within the two Universities respectively, were addressed, at Oxford to the making of recusants, at Cambridge to the production of Zwinglians and Calvinists.

The more closely one studies the chronicles of the time, the more clearly one is led to see that these statements of Mr. Gladstone's are merely an impartial summing up of the evidence of history. Oxford was permeated through and through with the Catholic spirit, it was in her very bones, so to speak, and her history during the reign of Elizabeth is a record of the interminable and unsuccessful struggles of the dominant religion to eradicate and destroy it. The University had grown great and famous under Catholic influences, under Protestantism it gradually decayed till it was but a shadow of its former self. What was facetiously known as the "new learning" brought to this University ignorance gross and unashamed, obscurantism, decay, and all but death. These are strong words, no doubt, but they will, I think, be justified by the facts I have to tell.

The beginning of troubles began with the schism of Henry VIII. and the dissolution of the monasteries. This cut off at their source the streams of youths who were constantly feeding the Universities from the monastic schools. The supply of poor scholars, who formed the bulk of the undergraduates of Catholic times, gradually dwindled away, and after the wholesale robbery of exhibitions and endowments committed under Edward VI., practically ceased. The dominant faction under the boy-King plundered to their hearts' content, and not satisfied with iconoclastic excesses, such as the destruction of the noble reredos at All Souls, and similar vandalism, destroyed the University Library and sacked those of the Colleges in the most shocking manner. Had they been Mahometans, they could hardly have done worse! As Dr. Merry, then the Public Orator, put it at the tercentenary of the foundation of the Bodleian, "Sad times fell upon the University when superstition and ignorance combined to destroy what learning and munificence had created." The superstition and ignorance were those of the Royal Commissioners under Edward VI., Cox and his compeers, names never to be sufficiently execrated, and the learning and munificence were those of the Catholic prelates and princes, such as Thomas Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, Thomas Kempe, Bishop of London, and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. The precious

books and manuscripts collected with such care and cost were in 1550 condemned as Popish trash, and either destroyed or sold: many of them, as they were of parchment, were cut up and used as measuring tapes by tailors. Even the woodwork of the old library was broken up and sold for timber in 1556, so that nothing was left but the four bare walls. "After this," writes the present Bishop of Salford, "we can better appreciate the bitter exclamation of Blessed John Storey, then Principal of Broadgates Hall, 'Woe to thee, O land, where thy King is a child!'"

A modern historian, assuredly no friend to Catholics, thus describes the doings of these Royal Commissioners:

The "Edwardine" code, as it was afterwards called, was of course so framed as to eliminate everything which favoured Popery from the constitution of the University. . . . The Commissioners proceeded to expel all academical dignitaries found guilty of upholding the old faith. In dealing with colleges, the spirit in which they acted was ruthlessly iconoclastic, and not only were the old services abolished, but altars, images, statues, "the things called organs," and everything else which seemed to savour of "superstition," were defaced or swept away. . . . The amount of destruction wrought by their orders among the libraries and chapels of colleges, cannot now be estimated, but it was certainly enormous. . . . Many exhibitions for poor boys were suppressed, the Magdalen Grammar School was saved only by earnest remonstrances from the citizens, and some new dispositions were made of college revenues with little regard to founders' intentions. . . . Polemical divinity, stimulated by Peter Martyr's discourses on the Eucharist, continued to flourish; but with this exception University studies were languishing, and while foreign divines were being imported into England, Oxford professors of civil law were emigrating to Louvain. The non-collegiate students became fewer and fewer; the most experienced teachers gradually disappeared; the impulse of the Renaissance died away; the new spirit of enquiry failed to supply the place of the old ecclesiastical order; the attractions of trade began to compete with those of learning, and the Universities no longer monopolized the most promising youths in the country who declined the profession of arms.

Such is the verdict of Mr. Brodrick, the late Warden of Merton. But to proceed to details, let us have recourse to good old Anthony Wood.

The Reforming party connived at the most sacrilegious excesses on the part of ribald youths, just as later on, before the re-establishment of Anglicanism in Elizabeth's reign, all

sorts of outrages and insults to the old faith were tolerated, if not approved, by those in authority. Thus we read in Wood, that in 1549:

Thomas Bickley, a young man of Magdalen Coll., not dreading the Act of Parliament, presumed on Whitsunday Even in the middle of divine Service, to go to the High Altar there, and before the face of a great multitude, most irreverently to take away the Sacrament and to break it in pieces, to the great offence of many, whereof not a few were strangers that came at that time to hear divine Service. Henry Bull also of the same Coll. did about that time with the help of Thomas Bentham, openly in the Choir, snatch the Censer out of the Priest's hands, who was about to offer incense therein. Besides this also, one Thomas Willyams, a Bachelor of Arts, pulled a Priest from the Altar after he had said the Gospel, and flung away his book, breaking thereby the Statutes and running himself into wilful perjury. Furthermore also, he with other young people not contenting themselves with these zealous insolencies, did borrow hatchets and went into the Choir and chopped in pieces such books as were not bought for £40.

This was a fitting preparation for the official work that followed.

According to the former prorogation the Visitors met in December 1550, and acted (or at least some of them, of whom Cox was the chiefest), such things that many of the present age abhorred, and posterity blamed by the effects that they wrought. The antient Libraries, a glory to the University, as containing among them many rarities . . . were by them or their appointment rifled. Many MSS. guilty of no other superstition than red letters in their fronts or titles, were either condemned to the fire or jakes. Others also that treated of controversial or scholastical Divinity were let loose from their chains, and given away or sold to Mechanics for servile uses. I have heard it credibly reported from antient men, and they while young from Scholars of great standing, that among such spoils brought out in public (in the Convocation House say some) several copies of the Greek Testament were of the number which, had they not been understood by one wiser than the rest, had suffered the same fate; but let this report remain with their authors, sure I am that such books wherein appeared Angles, or Mathematical Diagrams, were thought sufficient to be destroyed, because accounted Popish, or diabolical, or both. . . . From Merton Coll. Library a cart load of MSS. and above were taken away . . . (chiefly of controversial Divinity, Astronomy and Mathematics). . . . New College also had many lost and others defaced; their painted windows also in the Chapel were commanded to be pulled down; but the College being not rich enough, as they pretended, to set up new, promised that they would when they were in a capacity. . . . The works of the Schoolmen . . . they cast out of all College Libraries

and private Studies . . . not content with this they slandered these most noble authors as guilty of barbarism, ignorance of the Scriptures, and much deceit, and as much as in them lay did endeavour to damn their memories to eternity. And lest their impiety and foolishness in this act should be further wanting, they brought it so to pass that certain rude young men should carry this great spoil of books about the city on biers; which being so done, to set them down in the common market-place, and there burn them, to the sorrow of many, as well of the Protestant as of the other party. This was by them styled "the funeral of Scotus and Scotists." So that at this time and in all this King's reign, was seldom seen anything in the University but books of Poetry, Grammar, idle songs and frivolous stuff.

Even the ultra-Protestant Bale lamented this hideous and senseless destruction.

To destroy all without consideration [he writes], is and will be unto England for ever a most horrible infamy among the grave Seniors of other nations. . . . Cursed is that belly, which seeketh to be fed with such ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble Libraries for XL. shillings' price, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey paper by the space of more than these X. years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come.

And Wood continues :

What shall or can more be said? All things at this time were . . . in a very sad condition both here and at Cambridge. The Scholars were reduced to an inconsiderable number in respect of former times, they choosing rather to undergo misery elsewhere, than lie at the mercy of such whom they accounted no better than mad people. The Colleges, and especially the antient Halls, either laid waste, or were become the receptacles of poor religious people turned out of their cloisters; the present Halls, especially those of Edmund and New Inn, were void of students. The benefactions which Scholars did enjoy through the piety of good men, were taken away, either by pretended authority or connivance, their liberties and privileges invaded and borne down by the citizens. . . . The Grammar Schools in Oxford which had nursed up many hopeful plants for the supply of the said Colleges were decayed, . . . nay many in the country that were founded of a godly intent, were by the greedy covetousness of those entrusted by the King taken away, whereby a ready way to barbarism was opened. . . .

Wood goes on to describe the destruction of all the sacred furniture of the Cathedral and other churches and college chapels, the frightful irreverence with which the altars, images, and tabernacles, &c. were treated, filling the people with horror.

Many stood at a maze and blessed themselves: some faltered in their religion and inclined to atheism, and others began to be desperate and give up all hope of the future of their *Alma Mater*. The schools were unfrequented, and many of them were pulled down, and their sites made into gardens by the citizens, the Schools of Arts which had been rebuilt all under one roof by Thomas Hokenorton Abbot of Osney in the time of Henry VI. were used by laundresses to dry their clothes, no one having any heart to send their children to school, any further than to learn to read and write. Bernard Gilpin complained in a sermon preached at court in 1552 that "the two wells of learning, Oxford and Cambridge are dried up, students decayed, of which scarce a hundred left of a thousand; and if in seven years more they should decay so fast, there would be almost none at all: so that the Devil would make a triumph, whilst there were none learned to whom to commit the flock."

Degrees were considered by the reformed party as anti-Christian, and those who would have taken them were often prevented by poverty, owing to the scandalous misappropriation and misuse of the exhibitions and other provisions for poor students. The Universities were known to those of the "new learning" as the Stables of Asses, and the Schools of Devils. As Wood says, "the solitary nakedness" of Oxford and Cambridge, "their bare walls and lack of students," and the contempt into which they had fallen—all this was directly owing to the endeavours of Cox and his fellow-Visitors. "It was the Visitors' doing, it was their meaning, they granted it, they rejoiced at it; and for aught that I see, 'twas their intent to banish all good learning and knowledge from them." The rest was in as sad a state, the public treasury of the University spent and lost, the chests, founded by pious benefactors to relieve poor students in necessity, rifled and left empty, the muniments embezzled and wasted, "especially those granted by Popes," and all things relating to good order, ceremony, decency, &c., "turned topsy-turvy."

Wood quotes a contemporary squib on Cox as Chancellor.

He robbed the Church of Frideswide, I say,
Of chalices, crosses, candlesticks with al
Of silver and gilt most precious and gay
With copes of Tyssue, and many a rich pall
Dedicate to God above, eternall.
And other colleges may him well curse
For through him they are far yet the worse.
He was chose Chancellor for faults amending,
He mended (indeed) from good to the bad,
He was a chancellor of the devil's sending:
Never was town that such another had.

After the brief reaction in Queen Mary's reign, Elizabeth seemed bent on carrying on the work begun under her brother. It was very ominous that of the Visitors sent by her to Oxford in the June after her accession, the chief was this very Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, who had wrought such devastation in the University during the Visitation under Edward VI. But it must be noted to the Queen's credit that the Visitors were instructed to make "a mild and gentle, not rigorous reformation." Not that the Catholics could hope for much from the gentleness of Cox. It was he who had been chosen to preach the sermon in Westminster Abbey at the opening of Parliament, and the apostate had characteristically taken the opportunity of preaching a violent tirade against the Catholic religion in general, and against monasticism in particular, in the presence of the venerable Abbot Fecknam and his Benedictines. The statutes of King Edward VI. were once more brought into use, and those of Cardinal Pole were for the most part annulled.

The Visitation had been preceded by Royal Letters forbidding the Heads of Houses to proceed to any election or change of offices, or to make any alienations of property until the Visitation was ended. The authorities were also exhorted to favour the "*Cultores Christianae Religionis*" as the Protestants were quaintly termed. The College chapels and parish churches were once more purged of all "superstitious" objects, such as altars, images, and missals, and the Visitors, refreshed by their iconoclastic exploits, proceeded to deprive those Heads of Houses and other dignitaries who had the grace to be willing to suffer for the ancient Faith.

Among these distinguished confessors should be noted the names of Richard Martiall, Dean of Christ Church, who was thrown into prison in London; two Canons of Christ Church, and Dr. Tresham, Dr. Richard Smith, the latter a very distinguished scholar, who became first Chancellor of the University of Douay; Dr. Thomas Reynolds, Warden of Merton and Dean of Exeter, who died in prison soon after; Dr. Coveney, President of Magdalen, Dr. William Chedsey, President of Corpus and Canon of Christ Church, who died in the Fleet Prison probably in 1561; Dr. Wright, Master of Balliol; Dr. John Smith, Provost of Oriel and Margaret Professor; Hugh Hodgson, Provost of Queen's; Henry Henshaw, Rector of Lincoln; Thomas Slythurst, President of Trinity; Alexander Belsire, President of St. John's; Dr. William Martiall, Principal of

St. Alban's Hall ; James Dugdale, Master of University College ; Seth Holland, Warden of All Souls, who died in prison.

I have only mentioned Heads of Houses, and from this list it will be easy to imagine the number of Fellows who followed their example. Wood gives many names ; Sander, in his *De Visibili Monarchia*, and Bridgwater, in his *Concertatio*, give many more. Among all the Colleges, New College easily bears away the palm ; and it seems fitting that the College in which the Blessed Mother of God was held in such special honour, should also be the one to be distinguished for that chastity of soul, that purity of faith, which preferred to suffer all things rather than to be defiled. Wood gives the names of twenty-two Fellows of this House who suffered for their Faith, though there were many more. Among them are the illustrious names of Venerable John Mundy, priest and martyr, who suffered at Tyburn ; Owen Lewis, afterwards Bishop of Cassano and Vicar-General of St. Charles Borromeo ; and John Fenn, the brother of a martyr, and for many years chaplain to the English Austin Canonesses at St. Monica's, Louvain. From Corpus Christi was driven out the illustrious martyr, Venerable James Fenn, who suffered with Venerable John Mundy at Tyburn, February 12, 1583-4. From Trinity we must note the famous martyr, Blessed Thomas Ford, a Fellow, and as some say, for a time President of that newly-founded College. He was chaplain at Lyford, and was taken together with the Blessed Edmund Campion. It may be interesting here to quote the account given by Nicholas Sander of this first Elizabethan Visitation. In his report to Cardinal Morone,¹ he writes :

The Proctor, Edward Bromborough, freely told the Queen's Visitors that he would not approve of schismatical doings. He and four others were shut up in prison. . . . On the Visitors going to the Colleges separately they did not obtain oath or subscription from one in twenty. I will relate what happened in one College which is very well known to me, because I belonged to it, and hence what happened in others may be conjectured. I speak of the College of the Blessed Virgin, commonly called New.

From this, first of all, there departed ten priests who were chaplains ; then the six Senior Fellows professed the Faith with such freedom that they were placed in custody—all very learned and good men. The Visitors were unwilling to call more, because they heard that they would find the same constancy in fifty others. So having

¹ 1561.

recourse to flattery, they begged them merely to go to church, promising that then they should be free from taking the oath and from all penalties. Fourteen have crossed the sea from this College, and many others besides have left who were unable or unwilling to cross the seas.

Lastly, out of a hundred persons who belonged to the choir, never yet have even ten been induced to receive the schismatical Communion at Easter.

Sander proceeds to give a delightful story of the opposition offered to the new religion by Wykeham's other foundation at Winchester. The boys barred themselves up in their dormitory and refused to go to the new services in the desecrated chapel. When summoned to do so by the second Master (the Headmaster was already in prison for the Faith) they replied with one voice: "Will you destroy the souls of innocents?" Eventually a regiment of soldiers had to be brought from Southampton to cow these brave boys into submission, and even then some ten or twelve managed to escape and get across the sea.

But to return to Oxford. At St. John's four Presidents ruled, while the founder, Sir Thomas White, the staunch friend of Abbot Fecknam and William Roper, still lived. The first, Alexander Belsire, B.D., had been a Fellow of New College, and was Canon of Christ Church and incumbent of several livings at his appointment in 1555. He was deprived according to the College register *propter religionem* in 1559, that is, for his fidelity to the old religion, although the founder had also reasons for desiring his dismissal on account of a money quarrel. His tomb may still be seen at Church Hanborough with a curious brass.

The second President, William Elye, was also a staunch Catholic. Though appointed in the room of the deprived Belsire, Sir Thomas took care that one should be chosen who would be true to the old Faith. He was allowed to rule his House in peace for only four years, and was then deprived for maintaining the Pope's authority. He fled abroad for a time, but had the courage to return to help in the great work of keeping the Faith alive, was seized, and committed to prison at Hereford. Here he seems to have died, a confessor in bonds, in 1609.

The third President, William Stocke, who was appointed in 1563, was also a Catholic. He resigned the Presidency after a year, and retired to Gloucester Hall, of which he had before been Principal.

Sir Thomas White, who is so strangely represented by Mr. Hutton in his history of St. John's as a consistent Anglican, appointed all these Presidents, as well as all the earlier Fellows. He died in 1567, and the Blessed Edmund Campion spoke his funeral oration. Of all the Fellows of the College Campion is the brightest and most glorious example.

From St. John's College, too, William Wyggs and five other Fellows were expelled in 1560. Wyggs was martyred for his priesthood at Kingston-on-Thames, October 1st, 1588. Another Fellow of this College, Thomas Bramston, lived some years in prison with the Venerable Confessor Abbot Fecknam, by the special license and desire of the founder Sir Thomas White, who loved Fecknam dearly. He afterwards went into exile for the Faith. The Warden of All Souls died in prison in London in 1560; two of the Fellows, Thomas Dorman and Thomas Dolman, became priests at Douay.

The two most famous scholars at Merton, David de la Hyde, and Jaspar Heywood, also a Fellow of All Souls, and afterwards a well-known Jesuit, were expelled from that House, as well as numbers of others. But why continue? Wood sums it up in one sentence: "By the said Visitation, the University became empty and learning low." The scholars were left so poor that they had to get license to beg from door to door, and their saying was:

Sunt mutae Musae, nostraque fama fames.

"Not only," says Wood, "were all ceremony and decorum vanished or become ridiculous, but all things besides tended to the ruin of their religion."

Wood gives an amusing account of the revolution in Merton, when the Fellows refused to accept a Protestant Warden imposed on them by Archbishop Parker, and tells how on his obtaining a surreptitious entrance into the College, the new Warden received a box on the ear from the Sub-Warden, Mr. William Hawle. This good man was a somewhat fiery defender of the Faith, and the story is well known how he threw into the fire the copy of Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalms, which one of the Junior Fellows was attempting to sing in place of the old Catholic hymns which ancient custom prescribed to be sung round the fire on certain holy days and vigils. He declared that neither he nor the rest would dance after *his* pipe. The Government, however, triumphed in the contest, the con-

tumacious Sub-Warden and the other members of the College, who were suspected of Popery, were summarily expelled, and some of them fled beyond the seas, there to enjoy the free exercise of their faith which was no longer possible in the great foundation of Walter de Merton.

As we have said, the new officials of the University and its Colleges were considerably below the level of those who had been expelled. As Wood pertinently remarks, the learning of the new ministers of the new religion may be gathered from the fact that the Queen had to publish an Injunction ordering the ministers to peruse Chapters and Homilies several times before reading them to the people, to the end that they might make themselves understood. Their discretion, too, might be gauged by another Injunction, viz., that priests and deacons (*secundum ordinem Elizabeth*) should not take to their wives any manner of women without leave from the Bishop of the Diocese and two Justices of the Peace, who were to examine the ladies selected. Some of the Bishops, however, such as Sury and Pilkington, were not so happy in their own matrimonial experiments as to give much ground for thinking they would be good judges in a matter so delicate. As to the Latin tongue, it was so decayed that the Queen had to appoint that a Latin translation of the Book of Common Prayer should be prepared and used in the Universities, lest that language should be altogether forgotten in those ancient seats of learning. Preachers were so rare that there were but two who could preach before the University—Sampson, Dean of Christ Church, and Lawrence Humphrey, President of Magdalen, both great Puritans. When they were both absent a layman sometimes assumed the office, as, for instance, Richard Taverer, of Wood Eaton, who, when he was High Sheriff of the County, would come into St. Mary's in his damask gown and gold chain and give "the Academicians, destitute of evangelical advice," a sermon. One began :

Arriving at the Mount of St. Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some biscuits baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation.

It need hardly be added that this good man was "an enemy not only to the Catholic religion but to the ceremonies of the Church of England now in their infancy."

One other preacher must be added, Edmund Bunny, whom the new authorities of Merton now chose into their Society, who is chiefly notorious for his cruel persecution of our Catholic martyrs, whom he pestered with his pernicious Calvinism up to the very moment when their hearts were being torn from their quivering bodies. He was specially prominent at the martyrdom of Blessed William Hart at York.

The Catholics were constantly being harried, the Visitors, whose commission lasted on for several years, summoning before them all those suspected of being "Popishly affected," suspending, imprisoning, or expelling them. In 1569, ten years after they began, they still found much to do. At Exeter College they had much trouble, as many Catholics remained there, but no one in the College could be found to denounce them. "At length they sent for Mr. William Wyot, the Sub-Rector, who for refusing to accuse them was cast into prison, first in the Castle, then in Bocardo, where he remained from the 10th of January, 1560, till the Good Friday following, to the great impoverishment of his health." Next year they expelled the Rector, Mr. John Neale, who had been a Fellow of St. John's, but had left that College on the alteration of religion. He was now deprived of his dignity because he refused to be present at the Protestant service in the College chapel.

DOM BEDE CAMM.

(*To be continued.*)

A Pilgrim of Eternity.

VI. A DISCIPLE OF MARTINEAU.

WHILE I was examining my friend's manuscripts, I found some notes of sermons he had preached during his Unitarian period, and there was an almost complete series on the teaching of Martineau. I do not propose to publish those papers in full, but to select some passages which interest me, as they illustrate stages in my friend's history; and I will complete these by what I have learned from one of his companions, or remember myself. He undertook to deliver a course of sermons, which would deal in succession with the chief embodiments of Martineau's philosophy, the *Types of Ethical Theory*, the *Study of Religion*, and the *Seat of Authority in Religion*. In these the great thinker had, often with rich eloquence and rare delicacy, set forth what he had to tell of human freedom and immortality, of the existence and nature of God, and of the soul's relation to the Church and the Scriptures. My friend's labour in unfolding these works, which were the successive harvests of Martineau's life, was very great; and very slow was its accomplishment. But there was this advantage in delay, that it afforded time and opportunity for the play of action and reaction in the mind of the disciple.

Among these papers, there is one which seems rather a meditation in prelude than a sermon note. "From this ruined castle," it reads, "the eye looks beyond the river to the flood that bears the traffic of nations. Yonder, men are building vessels of war, ostensibly in defence of commerce. At my feet, rises the cathedral, rich in memories of the time, ere it was delivered to an alien rite; and a little beyond it lies the Synagogue of the Jews. Somewhere in the poorer district, stands the Catholic church. Along that road passed the Roman soldier, the Canterbury pilgrim, Erasmus, and Cardinal Fisher. The scene seems to speak all languages, the command of the ruler, the challenge of the warrior, the suggestion of the scholar,

and the message of the priest. And now, at the close of the nineteenth century, the pagan spirit maintains its ancient conflict with the Hebrew ideal, that still lives in prophecy and psalm. Even yet, pagan and Jew hold their eternal, if hidden, enmity towards the religion which claims to have realized their loftiest aspirations."

On another slip, the passage is continued: "Amid the chaos of voices," he tells us, "we look for some definite strain, some consistent melody. In the cathedral, only last Sunday morning, a Low Church Archdeacon preached against confession; in the evening, a High Church Canon pleaded in favour of the practice; and one afternoon, I heard a Broad Church professor calmly resolve the facts of Jewish and Gospel history into fictions of devout imaginations. Throughout that scene are men seeking their good, and knowing not whether to place it in pleasure or in happiness, in the comfort of the many, or in some common good, undefined and, some say, undefinable. Assuming the standpoint of the French poet, they regard themselves as condemned to death; and like Pater, they would fill the interval before their execution with as many pulsations as possible. The whole object of their lives is to gain something which they hold to be their good. They tell us that the age of martyrdom is past. Not in such men is the martyr strain; and they look in wonder upon the conduct of an Antigone, who would defy an earthly edict, and brave the loss of life itself, to sprinkle dust upon her dead brother, and so fulfil the eternal law of God. During a life almost equal to the century, Martineau has spoken a language loftier than that of the world around him. Indeed, it does seem true, that Greek and Hebrew, Hellene and Barbarian, still rule our lives, and give meaning to our conflicts. If then, those who sought their good, spoke the dialect of Athens, Martineau appeared like a Hebrew prophet, eloquent of righteousness and eternal law."

On a scrap of paper, under the heading of "The Problem and Method," there are the following sentences, evidently intended to be the commencement of a sermon. "Philosophy lives in man's hunger to know something of the world and God and his own soul. The various sciences are formed by the ordered knowledge we possess of various provinces in the universe; and the theory of knowledge would explain the possibility of knowledge. But beyond them, and thrilling poet and scientist, mechanic and theologian, with awe and wonder and

mystic love, are the interwoven problems of nature and man and God. We may begin with speculations upon the world, and find man and God by them; but then we run the risk of enthroning mechanical ideas over a larger sphere than is theirs of right. Or we may begin with sublime meditations upon the Eternal Source of All; and, in that case, we shall probably emphasize our sense of human littleness by ignoring our possession of personal being. Yet there is a third way. Looking in upon his own soul, and examining the drama it unfolded, Martineau was in no danger of forgetting the power of choice, the freedom of will, implied in personal responsibility, and expressed in every judgment of praise and blame."

One day my friend came to see me, and told me he thought that all philosophers formed some mental image as the symbol of their doctrine. I was slightly amused, for it seems a point of honour with some at least that they deal with abstract ideas, and abandon the imagination to artists and children. Plato, indeed, represented mathematicians as employing visual images to aid their reasonings; but now my friend told me of a book in which light was thrown upon Spinoza's view by supposing him to have imaged the universe as a mathematical surface, length and breadth only, the one side being mind, and the other side being matter. In Hegel's case the symbol was assumed to be a cell of protoplasm; but the doctrine becomes much simpler if we represent Plato's Ideas by points of light, and then find Hegel's Idea by regarding those points as flowing into one another, forming a fluent network of light. Bradley's self-consciousness seems clearer when it is pictured as a dark field, illumined, now here and now there, by a disc of light.

Whether that conversation was altogether serious I cannot say; but it may lend a meaning to these words which I found on one sheet of paper. They are entitled, "The Symbol," and read, "Can it be that Martineau, who left his engineering to become a minister, and who triumphed in the spiritual freedom his mechanical schemes had ignored, yet retained a figure from the old routine to represent the new speculation? He speaks of the soul as one would speak of a machine that possesses dynamic powers, springs impelling and propelling it towards certain objects without prevision or self-consciousness on its own part, and yet a machine, indwelt by a reasonable soul, that can choose among the springs, even to releasing the weaker and restraining the stronger. It is as though the soul both

occupied and was one with a labyrinth of coiled springs, over which it exercised a power of governance. These springs have a physical value in the scale of strength; but they have also a moral value in the scale of nobleness, as we may see when we consider examples, such as vindictiveness, love of ease, love of gain, fear, ambition, love of culture, generosity, compassion, and reverence. These, chosen from Martineau's list, are arranged in an ascending order of moral value; and every temptation is a snare to involve us in choosing a lower instead of a higher, a stronger instead of a nobler."

My friend had among his companions one to whom I am indebted for some helpful suggestions; and I learn from him they once discussed this very question. It is a point on which Martineau has encountered much criticism, both from those who examine the human mind, and from those who speculate upon human conduct. They say that those springs are not simple, but compound, and indeed, so compounded that many share the same elements. The analysis of the mental life may be incomplete, but my friend held it to be more useful for the purpose of finding a solution of the final problems than a microscopic view would have been, for an eye, intent upon details, loses the wood in the trees. And when his companion pointed out the difficulty of choosing the higher in all cases, saying that only an heroic and disciplined soul, like that of St. Theresa, could vow to follow the more perfect path in all things, my friend declared the criticism to be at fault. It was concerned, he said, with the choice of paths; and Martineau was dealing with the choice of motives. "Let prudence," his teacher would say, "weigh consequences, their danger and advantage; but conscience values the springs within us. Whatever be the result, it is indeed always wisdom to choose the higher in the scorn of consequence. Then, in the inmost sanctuary of the soul, the conscience, uttering a judicial sentence that is not our own, speaking too with an authority that has a moral unity and a moral universality, and perhaps putting us to shame, not before our own face, nor before that of our fellow-men, points to the hierarchy of values, in which reverence holds the highest place; there the soul meets God, and obedience to the moral law is translated into spiritual devotion."

It seems to me that Martineau's view would annul all idea of merit in relation to God, and in regard to the ordinary

meaning of the word, for he declares that we are ever bound to choose the higher. Once I discussed this matter with my friend, who repeated Tennyson's famous denial that merit could live from man to God. "The perfectly righteous man," continued he, quoting some ancient Rabbi, "would love God in a manner so pure from hope of reward, that the condition could only be fulfilled by one who was already lost for ever." Martineau insisted upon the fact that we are unprofitable servants; and the fault does not appear to me as lying within his scheme, but in its limitation. If I may borrow my friend's mode of speech I would say, "Grander and loftier than the mundane speculations it displaced, and emphasizing self-control rather than self-realization, it was yet inferior to the view which, in the self-surrender of the soul, sees the ascription of glory in some sense to the highest, and which finds God responsive to the aspirations He has inspired when He reveals Himself as rewarding every acceptance of His help, and giving grace for grace. It is true Martineau recognized the existence of this doctrine, which he thought characteristic of the Christian mystics. He confessed there was more in it than his exposition then availed to reach; but for him it identified the inner consciousness of a sacred order among our springs of action, and the real, eternal, objective will of God; and it very faithfully construed the sense of authority attaching to the revelations of our moral nature, for they are in us, but not of us; not ours, but God's. In this feature of the conscience he found the point of vital connection between morals and religion, for there the rule and method given for the life of man is felt to be a communion established with the life of God. And whatever be the ultimate fate of Martineau's system, we may recognize it as one of those in which Balfour would find a poetic energy at work, and which he would hold worthy of our admiration because of their brilliant intuitions, the subtlety of their occasional arguments, and their passion for the universal and the abiding."

I need not enter upon the account and criticism of rival speculations. They are rejected, because they do not find their basis in the nature of the human soul, or because they evolve the moral life of man from elements that are destitute of freedom and moral right, as if men could create a living being by manufacturing portions of its corpse.

There follow many manuscripts dealing with Martineau's

Study of Religion, but they are little more than an analysis of the work. Among them, however, I find two papers, the one apparently written as a conclusion to Martineau's exposition of the Divine Nature, and the other in reference to his proofs of human immortality. These I will quote, as they indicate what is of more immediate interest to me than Martineau's arguments, for they are traces of the process in the mind of his disciple.

Of his master's work in regard to the doctrine about God, my friend wrote: "Almost dead is the Deism, which once reigned among Unitarians, and which held God to be merely a mechanic, who had made the world, wound it up, and watched it while it was spinning; and it is due to Martineau, that Theism, the doctrine of God's living agency, is understood and acknowledged by his friends and disciples. He, indeed, like others before him, showed the necessity of acknowledging a cause, intelligent and beneficent, of the world; like others, he proved that conscience witnesses to an Authority beyond ourselves and our fellows; like others, he approached the problems of evil and suffering, and treated them with signal success; and like others, he demonstrated the unity of the Divine Causality with the Divine Perfection. The eternal thought, said he, moves in the lines of the eternal holiness; and yet he hesitated before the full doctrine of creation. As to creation from nothing, he declared that the nothing is hardly, to ordinary thought, so sweepingly negative as to bar the assumption of space as the eternal condition of a universe. And so he would leave us in the impossible position of accepting a Primal Cause and a Primal Condition without our possessing a sufficient reason for the two or a sufficient account of their relation. The complete doctrine of creation satisfies mind and heart with God, the absolutely Self-Existent, but Martineau's supposition, like a Norwegian drama, ends in a note of interrogation, so that we go away wondering how the problem may be solved."

As to my friend's note upon Martineau's proofs of immortality, it is very brief, and, indeed, merely a summary. "With what tenderness of feeling and accuracy of reasoning," he exclaims, "has our leader vindicated belief in a future life. He has pointed to functions of the soul, which require a larger area than that where death reigns. Personality is, as he has asserted, the highest fact in the cosmos; and if death had power over it, there would be nothing death spared, for it could

undo the utmost which the Divine Will has wrought. Our intellect is prophet, says our teacher ; and we cannot consent to treat its supreme aspirations as a delirious disease. Our moral nature is prophet, he proceeds ; and it carries its own credentials in an incipient foretaste of the end, but holding its realization in reserve. Then he concludes in a sentence of characteristic depth and rhythm. The vaticinations of our moral nature, he writes, are thus in harmony with those of the intellectual and spiritual, distinctly reporting to us that we stand in Divine relations which indefinitely transcend the limits of our earthly years."

So far, Martineau had been building up a system of ethics and natural theology, but it was inevitable that he should encounter the question of revealed religion. Then, when his work touched the historical embodiments of revelation, his efforts became destructive, and his very style seemed to lose a gracious somewhat. His interest in the inner life of the soul deprived him of power to deal with great historical institutions ; or, it may be, that the weakness of the historical sense in him caused his devotion to so individualist a view, for there is much truth in the saying, that as the man, such is the system of philosophy he adopts. Among my friend's notes on the *Seat of Authority in Religion*, and scribbled on one of those loose sheets, which seem to have been inserted at a later time, I find some words which show that Martineau's world was already growing too narrow for him. "Hitherto," he says, "we have followed our leader, as he led us into the great mysteries of God and the soul. Alone with the Alone we read our own life anew ; and in our heart we found the Tables of the Law written by the Finger of God. Yet there grows upon us a feeling that we are exiled from the social life of mankind, and that we are in danger of being alienated from the past ages and the present world alike. The soul needs more room than its own citadel. We are, therefore, moved to complain with Pfeiderer of Berlin that the religious consciousness of mankind, in its historical development, needs a more thorough examination than the *Study of Religion* exhibits. And in the *Seat of Authority*, the attitude towards the Church and the Scriptures is so unsympathetic that the argument becomes mere special pleading against them."

Another slip is evidently in place here. On the top Martineau's question is written out in full. "If you would

trace a divine legacy from the age of the Cæsars," he asks, "would you set out to meet it on the Protestant tracks, which soon lose themselves in the forests of Germany or the Alps of Switzerland; or on the great Roman road of history, which runs through all the centuries, and sets you down in Greece or Asia Minor, at the very doors of the churches to which Apostles wrote?" Under this, my friend wrote a few words: "If we examine the claims of national churches and modern sects," he urges, "they have but one clear and definite feature in common, and that is hostility to the historical Papacy. They are agreed only as men who deny that twice two must be four, but who differ among themselves as to whether the result should be one and a quarter, or three, or four and a half."

Then the disciple begins to hesitate in his allegiance. "I confess," he writes, "that at this point the master seems to fail me. Evidently he has carefully considered the parties to the question. There are those who proclaim the good as the object of life; and there are those, with whom he is identified, who find their moral guidance in the right. The former find their aim expressed naturally in Greek, and partially realized in the Greek Republic. The latter originally spoke Hebrew, and they found their ideal embodied in the Commonwealth of Israel till they abandoned the social aspect of morals, and limited the question to the internal consciousness of the individual man. But there is a third claimant whom Martineau saw to be as conscious of human solidarity as ever Plato could have been, and yet as emphatic as Isaiah in regard to the righteousness of the heart. These, to use his own words, would not allow that the restraints they put on separate self-will at all contradict the principle of the divine worth in the individual soul; but, on the contrary, it was precisely on the souls they loved and honoured most that they laid the heaviest burden of restraint. And the language of the Church," my friend continues, perhaps a little fancifully, "is neither Greek nor Hebrew; but at first it is the common dialect of the world, the speech of the New Testament, which retains both Greek and Hebrew idioms; and afterwards it is Latin, the literary expression of law and citizenship made one in universal empire."

"Is it not a hint," he writes elsewhere, "that a man's system is limited, and his view too narrow, when he finds himself unable to deal with a doctrine carefully constructed and

sincerely advanced? Thus Sidgwick, though great among those who proclaim the ultimate good, seems to occupy a narrower realm than that of Martineau, the witness to moral law; and both seem unable to comprehend the Catholic doctrine of moral perfection. The former very boldly says that he finds himself led to futile tautology if perfection is interpreted as moral perfection, and regarded as ultimate end; and the latter, for all his native mysticism and his sympathy with the saints, is so far from appreciating the Catholic imitation of Jesus, that he thinks they have erred in regarding Jesus as the object and end of faith, and that it is sufficient in the sphere of divine things if the revealer be better than we, and in the order of his affections and the secrets of his will make more approach to the supreme perfection. But if Catholics are right in maintaining moral and spiritual perfection as a possible example, aim, good, and right rule of life, they need a revelation, not of a life more or less perfect, but of one which is perfection itself, for perfection, ineffective as an abstract concept, and self-contradictory in an imperfect embodiment, would exercise immeasurable influence as a concrete ideal."

Among my friend's remarks on his master's mode of dealing with the notes or marks of the true Church, I find some which are useful for my purpose. "To object, as Martineau does," he writes, "that Clement of Rome might miss his way in the present ritual of the Mass, or that Clement of Alexandria might not find the Tridentine Decrees speak to his habitual thought and faith, would only prove that we did not understand what the Catholic Church means when she speaks of a revelation. Supposing it to be true that God became Incarnate, formed a spiritual organism, gave it the gift of His Holy Spirit to maintain His word and to guide it into all truth, then we must expect a development of doctrine. Nor would a new declaration involve a difference in the principle of loyalty, for the Catholic accepts his creed at the hands of an authority, divinely guided and protected. Rome speaks, and for her children the chaos of private judgments is ended. A little sympathy with the historical spirit would have saved Martineau, and may save us, from the absurd protestings of Protestants. Is it likely, I ask, with one who stands still further from the Church than we do, that the doctrine of infallibility would have been formulated by close students of her history if that doctrine

stood in contradiction to a single fact?" Among other papers I find much written on Galileo and Alexander Borgia, but there is an uneasy feeling that Martineau is only shooting wide of the mark, for those matters do not affect any question at issue. And in dealing with the Spanish Inquisition my friend points to evidence which shifts the burden of obloquy to the Court of Spain, and which unveils the treachery of Moors and Jews in securing ecclesiastical positions that they might invalidate the sacraments and cleave the continuity of the Church. But there is deeper disappointment when he finds his master's attacks upon the Spanish Inquisition to be based on the statement of Llorente, whose very name is misquoted, as if Martineau was content with a reference to the unsifted evidence of a man apparently unknown to him.

That private judgment and an individualist position were growing more and more distasteful is evident in the two sentences I proceed to quote: "When Martineau undertakes to exclude from the Gospels what is incongruous with the personal characteristics of Jesus, it is plain that he substitutes his own idea of what Jesus ought to have been for that preserved in historical Christianity. The relief one man may feel on the rejection of a passage cannot be regarded as a real and common standard of judgment." And in connection with the details of Martineau's attack upon the Holy Scriptures, there is the following note: "It is careless of Martineau to repeat the old objection that in one statement the companions of St. Paul are represented as hearing the voice, and in another statement as not hearing it, for a reference to the Greek original would show the genitive case in the former instance, and the accusative in the latter, both statements being consistent with themselves and each other, and together telling that the companions heard the sound, but did not recognize the words or the Speaker."

Among the remaining papers there is one which does not seem as if it belonged to the regular series. It is headed, "In Conversation," and perhaps was struck from my friend in the course of some argument. "To tell us," it runs, "that the Catholic Church has misguided the affections of men by rendering it possible for them to hate what is most lovable, and honour, if not love, what is most hateful, would turn our ear from Martineau for ever, did we not know that he delivered his judgment from his study chair, and not from a position of

actual acquaintance with those of whom he wrote. No, let us confess it like men, that the care of the poor and the ignorant, with the training of childhood and youth to love and imitate the purity and gentleness of Jesus and Mary, ought to rebuke our own satisfaction in academic sermons. Would that it might move us to something nobler than mere respectability, and to a more social view of religious life, than that possible while the doctrine and practice of our congregations are practically at the mercy of a few wealthy subscribers."

M. N.

The Real Authors of the Separation.

I.

THE *Journal Officiel* for February 10, 1905, contains the following order of the day: "The House, being of opinion that the Separation of Churches and State has been rendered inevitable by the attitude of the Vatican, passes to the order of the day." In the Chamber this mean accusation against the Holy See was vigorously refuted by the Opposition, and by none more vigorously and conclusively than by the Protestant Member, M. Ribot, who, in a phrase which has become famous, described it as a *mensonge historique*. Unfortunately, the criticisms of the Opposition were, as usual, not reported in the English papers, with the result that this one-sided and insincere statement was accepted and is still accepted by many as an adequate explanation of the momentous Separation.

The true explanation was given by "a Catholic layman" in an excellent letter which appeared in the *Times* of March 30th. The writer named the Freemasons of France as the authors of the Law, and appealed to standard French historians to show that for the last thirty years the efforts of Freemasons have been employed in preparing the break between Church and State. In this article we hope to establish the same proposition by appealing to the words and deeds of these same enemies of the Church. We shall quote from official Masonic documents, most of which are intended only for private circulation among the members of the Lodges. As a matter of fact, these Masonic documents, which consist for the most part of the *Bulletins du Grand-Orient de France* containing the proceedings of the annual General Assembly, could not very well be kept secret; for they come under the French Law¹ concerning printed matter and periodicals, which requires that two copies shall be deposited with the Minister of the Interior.

¹ *Loi du 29 juillet, 1881.*

Accordingly, French Masonry continued for a number of years to make the *depôt légal*; but being a secret society, they found it very inconvenient to deliver an account of their private proceedings to any "profane" who cared to consult the volumes in the National Library. In 1897, they determined to evade the law. "Not wishing to be bound by this law," said a speaker at the *Convent* or General Assembly of that year, "we have changed the title *Bulletin* to *Compte-rendu*."¹ The publication remained the same except for the change of title, and was still subject to the same law.² But by this time, they had a sufficient number of friends in the official world and in Parliament; they knew they would not be interfered with; and though the Director of the Bibliothèque Nationale protested, nothing was done.

In spite of all their efforts to maintain secrecy, copies of their *Comptes-rendus* still continued to go astray. In 1902, M. Prache, President of the Parliamentary Commission appointed to examine the petition against the Freemasons, showed by his report that he possessed or had access to all Masonic documents printed since 1897. Again, in the *Correspondant*, M. Paul Nourrisson now provides us year by year with a synopsis of the bulky volume in which are recorded the doings of the General Assembly of the Grand-Orient³ held each year in September.

II.

Before we trace the history of the Separation of Church and State in the Annals of Freemasonry, we must clearly mark the difference between English and French Masons. The former seem to have retained the statutes of the older form of Masonry, which impose belief in God as a necessary condition for

¹ *Compte-rendu du G.-O.*, September 22nd, 1897, p. 114.

² Cf. Prache, *Pétition*, p. 242.

³ In this article we deal principally with the Grand-Orient, the most numerous and most influential of Masonic associations in France. There are also three other branches of French Masonry—le suprême conseil du rite écossais ancien accepté, la grande loge symbolique écossaise, and, le suprême conseil du rite de Misraïm. Though differing in minor points, these four branches follow the same anti-religious programme. At the banquet which closed the *Convent* of the Grand-Orient in 1892, representatives of the other branches were present; and M. Blatin, President of the G.-O., drank to the health of "les maçons qui ont les mêmes idées, les mêmes affections et les mêmes haines, et qui sont représentés, à ma droite, par le F. V. Gonnard, qui représente le suprême conseil écossais, et par le F. V. Fontaine, délégué de la grande loge symbolique. Toutes les fois qu'il s'agira de marcher contre notre éternel ennemi le cléricisme, tous les francs-maçons français se trouveront unis." (*Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1892, p. 519.)

admission, and define Masonry as a non-political body. Not so French Freemasonry. In 1877, they suppressed in their statutes all mention of the Great Architect of the Universe.¹ The atheistic evolution of the Grand-Orient had now set in, and during the next few years made rapid progress. Those members of the Order who were neither atheists nor Jacobins terrified at the course of events, protested against the changes. "The Grand-Orient of France," wrote F. Francolin in 1886, "is, in my opinion, forgetting the traditions of universal Freemasonry. It is rapidly advancing towards atheism and materialism—a form of belief as intolerant as the most intolerant of religions."² Finding that their protests had no effect, they left the ranks of Masonry. At the *Convent* of 1891, the year in which the atheistic evolution reached its full term, it was announced that the number of these deserters amounted to three thousand.³ French Masonry had been "purified."

A few quotations from Masonic speeches delivered during this early period of Masonic atheism, will show what was underlying the suppression of all mention of the Great Architect. Incidentally, we shall also learn that the Lodges were acquiring the state of mind necessary for those who would destroy the Church and religion. On August 2nd, 1868, a certain Le Royer thus addressed the united Lodges of Lyons :

Faith has had its day, and will disappear for ever, because it is the dogma of man's degeneracy.⁴

M. Arago, Senator, and French Ambassador in Switzerland, said on October 30th, 1876 :

As for the mummeries of the Church, the man who believes and practises them is a fool, and the man who practises them and does not believe them, is dishonest. . . . The Church and religion must be

¹ In consequence of this suppression, the English and American Lodges severed their connection with the Grand-Orient. (Cf. *Chaîne d'Union*, 1879, p. 47.)

"On ne veut plus, dans aucune loge anglaise, recevoir de franc-maçon français qui n'ait au préalable admis la croyance en Dieu. Un tel état de choses n'est il pas déplorable?" (*Chaîne d'Union*, 1880, p. 171.)

The Grand-Orient endeavoured more than once to prevail upon the English Lodges to withdraw their excommunication. The correspondence on the subject is printed in the *Compte-rendu*, March, 1897, p. 61.

² *Chaîne d'Union*, January, 1886, p. 4. The *Chaîne d'Union* and the *Monde maçonnique* are official Masonic reviews, containing articles on subjects interesting to Masons and important speeches delivered in the Lodges. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris possesses a good collection of these periodicals,—shelf-marks, H 119 and H 11708. The shelf-mark for the *Bulletin du G.-O.* is H 58.

³ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1891, p. 580.

⁴ *Monde maçonnique*, 1868, p. 213.

shattered. Get Thee hence, Crucified One, Thou, who for eighteen centuries hast held the world bowed beneath Thy yoke. No more God, no more churches !¹

We must crush the *Infâme*, but the *Infâme* is not clericalism ; it is God.²

We must eliminate from French society all religious influence, under whatever form it presents itself.³

A speaker at the *Grande Loge Centrale*, December 27th, 1885 said that he would rather fall into Hell, than recognize the goodness of God.⁴ In the same year, the following resolution was carried at the Congress of Nantes :

No undertaking shall escape Masonic direction ; we must have a voice in all councils ; the Masonic code shall triumph over the catechism. Christian charity shall be replaced by Masonic solidarity, and the Church by the Masonic temple.⁵

It is just possible to explain away the above quotations as merely expressions of individual opinions. Such may very well have been the case in the early days of the movement ; but at least in 1891, if not earlier, there can be no doubt that we have here the opinions of French Masonry as a body. At the general meeting of the Grand-Orient held in that year, M. Bourgeuil asked his hearers to "show by their vote that religious instruction must disappear from France."⁶ Needless to say, the proposal was carried.

III.

We now come to the second point in which French Masons differ from their English brethren. French Masonry is now a strongly organized political body. Their political evolution is but the practical side of the irreligious movement already described ; for they realized that if they were to carry out their designs against the Church, it was necessary to have a voice in the Ministry and in Parliament. In no other way could they hope to effect, in a Catholic country, such important changes in the Constitution as the expulsion of Religious Orders, the suppression of teaching Congregations, and the denunciation of the *Concordat*

¹ *Journal de la maç. univ.*, 1876, p. 172.

² *Monde maçonnique*, April, 1881, p. 503.

³ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1885, p. 707.

⁴ *Memorandum* no. 89, 4^e trimestre, 1885, p. 30. Quoted by E. de Saint-Auban, *le silence et le secret*, p. 110.

⁵ *Compte-rendu offic. du Congrès de Nantes*, March 25, 1885, p. 25.

⁶ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, August—September, 1891, p. 474.

—changes which, in their thinking, would inevitably lead to the disappearance of the Church in France. They quickly set to work to organize their forces. "Freemasonry," we read in *La République maçonnique*, "shall remain what it ought to be—the mistress and not the servant of political parties."¹ Previously to the year 1885, the Masonic code contained the following clause: "Freemasonry excludes no one for his beliefs. It respects the religious faith and the political opinions of each of its members." In 1885, this clause was suppressed.² On almost every page of the *Bulletins* of this period we find signs of an immense political activity. The number of Masonic *Députés* rapidly increased, and their influence was used to push Masonic interests in every State department, whether civil or military, by ousting "profane" officers and *fonctionnaires* and replacing them by Masons. The *Bulletin* for 1888 is especially instructive on this point:

For three years we have been constantly occupied with all these questions; never has a Mason *fonctionnaire* had recourse to us in vain, and we have had many cases of injustice put right, especially in the Army. . . . We have organized in the very heart of Parliament a veritable syndicate of Masons, and I myself have succeeded not ten, but a hundred times, with the help of those of our Order who are Members of Parliament, in obtaining efficacious intervention from the Government on behalf of hundreds of Masons.³

The speech from which the above extract is taken, lets us into all sorts of secrets concerning Masonic intervention and influence. Unfortunately, it is too long to be quoted at all fully; but the following passage concerning Elections and the nomination of candidates must not be passed over:

It is an open secret that a certain number of Lodges have succeeded (and we congratulate them) in managing the elections in their district. . . . The Lodges shall make known to the Grand-Orient the *Députés* who can be relied upon. . . . Ask the *Députés* nominated by you, and the Senators soon to be nominated by you, in return for our support, to be so good as to place themselves at the disposal of the Petitions Commission of the Grand-Orient; then transmit to us the names of those who consent to devote themselves to Freemasonry, whether they be active members of the Lodges or simply friends of Masonry. We

¹ April 30, 1882.

² *Bulletin du G.-O.*, November and December, 1885, pp. 706—708.

³ *Ibid.*, 1888, pp. 526—529.

shall draw up an inventory of these forces with great prudence and with great accuracy.¹

It is quite clear that the Grand-Orient was now in a very strong position. "We are a power in the country," said the speaker at the General Assembly of 1888; nor could the statement be contradicted. In the Freycinet Ministry of 1890, out of ten Ministers, six were Freemasons. The Loubet Ministry of February 28, 1892, contained seven Masons, and the same number was maintained in the Ribot Ministry formed on December 7th of the same year. Parliament had been practically captured; and it now only remained to educate the country, which was not ready for the revolutionary and secularist measures proposed. But Freemasonry, ever since the days of Weishaupt, has practised with success the art of making dupes, or, as the Illuminists called it, the art of manufacturing opinions. They had complete confidence in their method; and so sure were they of success, that the President of the Masonic *Convent* held at Paris in September, 1891, dared to predict that in ten years time they would "carry off the morsel," and that no one would move a finger in France against their wish.² The prophecy was fairly correct.

IV.

The immense power and influence so laboriously acquired was evidently intended to be employed in the pursuit of some great object. That object may be stated in two ways—dechristianization of France, or Separation of Church and State. It matters not which of the two phrases we choose, for, as we

¹ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1888, pp. 526—529. We may take this opportunity of remarking how necessary it is to quote from private Masonic documents. French Masons speak their mind in the privacy of their meetings; when defending their conduct before the public, they employ a strange kind of mental reservation. In the above quotation (and in many others which are to follow), we see them actively engaged in politics and presenting candidates for the Elections. Compare this with the following statement. An influential and well-informed Mason—*l'un des membres les plus influents du Conseil de l'Ordre du G.-O. de France et l'un des mieux documentés*—in a communication to the *Temps*, declared that Freemasonry keeps aloof from politics, and has never presented a candidate at any election: "D'ailleurs, nous proscrivons toute discussion politique et nous nous tenons à l'écart de toute agitation. . . . Nous sommes constitués pour l'étude de la morale universelle, tels que des philosophes et non tels que des politiciens. . . . Jamais nous ne nous mêlons de politique militante, jamais nous ne présentons, par exemple, un candidat à quelque élection que ce soit, et nous bornons notre rôle à l'élaboration des doctrines." (*Le Temps*, March 8, 1899.)

² "Je dis que dans dix ans d'ici la maçonnerie aura emporté le morceau, et que personne ne bougera plus en France en dehors de nous." (*Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1891, p. 281.)

shall see, the Grand-Orient was convinced that a Separation Law prepared on Masonic lines would infallibly lead first to schism, then to the complete disappearance of religion in France. The Separation then was the great object towards which their efforts were to be directed. They did not expect to accomplish this all at once. France was still Catholic; and secularist theories were unfamiliar and unpopular. Therefore, the first thing to be done was to accustom the people to *secularisation* in various forms, and a number of laws all tending to the elimination of religion in public life, were "prepared" in the Lodges and then confided to friends in the Chamber and in the Senate, who were to see them safely through Parliament. The Council of the Order was "to summon, as often as it deemed necessary, all the Masonic members of Parliament to assemble in the Hôtel du Grand-Orient, in order that the resolutions of the General Assembly might be communicated to them."¹ It is impossible to give here a list of the measures so "prepared." A writer in the *Études*² has drawn up a list of over two hundred proposals prepared in the Lodges and introduced and seconded in Parliament by Masons, between 1880 and 1893. Expulsion of Religious Orders, *laïcisation* of schools, suppression of military chaplaincies, suppression of all recognition of religion in public functions, abolition of the Chair of Catholic Theology at the Sorbonne, divorce, civil marriage, service in the hospitals forbidden to nuns, free communication between Bishops and the Pope seriously hampered,—these are but a few items taken at random from the above list. Since 1893, the Lodges have continued the same policy, their principal successes being the expulsion of the Religious Orders and the Associations Law.

That all this legislation was merely a preparation for their great attack on the Church, is clear to any one who examines the *vœux* or resolutions passed by the Lodges and the corresponding laws voted in Parliament, and observes the anti-Catholic and anti-Christian spirit which pervades them. There is a strict logical connection between them; the preparatory measures form the premisses, the Separation is the conclusion. However, we are not left to draw the conclusion for ourselves; Freemasons themselves have over and over again stated in their

¹ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1891, p. 668; cf. Prache, *La Pétition*, p. 96, who quotes many other examples of this interference with members of Parliament.

² June, 1893. In this list, the measures proposed are taken from the Parliamentary *Journal Officiel*. Appended to each proposal are the names of the proposers and seconders, whose Masonic character was proved by reference to the official lists of members of the Lodges.

meetings that the Separation was their principal object. In 1886, when the *loi scolaire*, a Masonic measure, was on the point of being voted, the Lodges were keeping this object well in view, to prevent its being obscured by a crowd of secondary questions. The Protestant pastor and Senator, M. Dide, who was chosen in that year to deliver the address at the General Assembly, took for his subject the Separation. After reminding his hearers that the Separation is essentially a Masonic thesis, he proceeds to discuss what he conceives to be the history of the *Concordat*, and concludes that the great object to be aimed at by Freemasonry is "the denunciation of the *Concordat*, the Separation of Church and State, complete and without any compensation." No doubt there were difficulties in the way. A Separation Bill had more than once been introduced in Parliament,¹ but had not met with success. The country was still Catholic. "When all believers had been converted to Free-thought," then their task would be easy. Let them continue their anti-clerical legislation, and this conversion would be effected.² Again, in the *Compte-rendu* for 1893, we read :

The *Convent* of 1893, faithful to the anti-clerical and humanitarian doctrines of Freemasonry, and desirous of seeing the Council of the Order impart to all the Lodges under its obedience an energetic impulse, proper for bringing about the realization of necessary and long-wished-for reforms, charges the Council to organize throughout the length and breadth of the Republic a pacific agitation which will prepare the way for the final overthrow (*écrasement*) of clericalism by the strict application of laws concerning schools and the army, by the *vulgarisation* of laws leading up to the separation of Churches and State, &c.³

At the *Convent* of 1894, M. Gadaud, Senator, and afterwards Cabinet Minister, clearly shows the connection between the Associations Law and the Separation, as well as the spirit in which the Lodges approached the subject :

Some are afraid that the fervour and generosity of the faithful may increase, if once the Churches are free and rid of State control, and that the Churches may constitute, by this increase of strength, a more formidable danger to the civil power. Quite a mistake ! With Associations laws *properly made*, all danger of this kind will be averted. Deprived of the prestige which the official investiture of the State

¹ E.g., in March, 1880 ; May, 1882 ; June, 1886, &c.

² *Conférence d'un Franc-Maçon*, printed in *Les Travaux de la maçonnerie dans la région du Nord*, 1886, p. 211 ; cf. Lenervien, *Le Cléricalisme maçonnique*, p. 65, where long extracts are quoted from this Conference.

³ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1893, p. 467.

gives to them, deprived of their share in the Budget which keeps them alive, it is not at all certain that the religions will eventually be more prosperous and influential.¹

In the quotations just given we note the phrase, "Churches and State." The speakers, however, might just as well have kept "Church" in the singular. There is only one Church of any importance in France, and only one which is the object of special Masonic hatred. As far back as 1878, this was recognized by Gambetta, an active Freemason, in his famous *Discours de Romans*:

We cannot therefore dispense ourselves from pursuing the solution, or at least the preparation of the solution, of the connection of the Church—of course, to be correct, I ought to say Churches—with the State; but if I do not say Churches it is because, as you have noticed, I always deal first with what is more urgent. I must, however, do justice to the spirit which animates the other Churches, and if there is a clerical problem in France, neither Protestants nor Jews are in any way concerned. The discord is fomented solely by the agents of Ultramontanism.²

One other word also requires a little explanation, as it occurs often in our quotations. It is well known that the word *cléricalisme* is not easy to define; its meaning varies according to the political and religious opinions of those who use it. In 1897 the editor of *La Revue* opened a correspondence on the subject, and invited the leaders of different parties to send in their definitions.³ However, we must look elsewhere for the meaning of the word as used by Masons. Even if they had sent in their definition to *La Revue*, we could not have accepted it, knowing how their public utterances are at variance with the language they use in their Lodges. Here is their esoteric definition:

The distinction between Catholicism and clericalism is merely an official, a subtle distinction, for use in public speaking (*pour les besoins de la tribune*); but here, in our Lodge, we may openly proclaim the truth,—*Catholicism and clericalism are one and the same thing.*⁴

Accordingly, when we read in Masonic literature such sentences as, "Clericalism is the enemy of the modern world; it must be confounded and annihilated,"⁵ we know exactly what is meant.

¹ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1894, p. 397.

² *Discours de Romans*, September 18, 1878.

³ Cf. Lenervien, *Le Cléricalisme maçonnique*, pp. 3—10.

⁴ *Chaîne d'Union*, July, 1880, p. 199.

⁵ *Bulletin de la Grande Loge symbol. écoss.* vol. vii. p. 162.

V.

In the preceding pages we have given a brief survey of recent Masonic history, and with Masonic documents in hand have discovered the object they had in view in thus capturing political power. We have now sufficient data for determining who were the real authors of the rupture with Rome and the Separation. But in order that the *mensonge historique* may be finally disposed of, we shall now proceed more directly. We shall trace year by year in the proceedings of French Masonry the history of the Separation, translating as literally as possible, and abstaining from all unnecessary comment.

The struggle between Catholicism and Freemasonry is a *lutte à mort*, without truce, without quarter. Wherever the man in black appears, there shall the Freemason appear. Wherever the one holds up the Cross as a sign of domination, the other must display the flag of Masonry as a sign of liberty.¹

At a Masonic meeting held on February 25, 1884, one of the speakers hoped that soon

Freemasonry would be called to preach its doctrines in those buildings erected everywhere for centuries to religious superstitions and sacerdotal supremacy, and that their vast naves would resound with Masonic mallets and *batteries* and acclamations, instead of clerical psalmodes.²

In 1885 :

Let us all unite in the struggle against clericalism, against the Vatican ; there is the enemy.³

The Court of Rome has to-day but one object,—to fight Freemasonry. Catholicism understands that in the near future the Masonic institution will replace the Church. We must prepare for this great rôle, and take up the gauntlet.⁴

In 1886 :

Clericalism is the enemy of the modern world, &c. (already quoted).

In 1887 :

We are witnessing the disappearance of the ancient worship, which is crumbling in the emptiness and rottenness of its old dogmas. What then is left standing ? Freemasonry.⁵

¹ M. Desmons, Député, *Mémor. du rite écoss. en France*, No. 85, p. 48, 1884.

² *Bulletin de la Grande Loge symbol.* vol. v. p. 63.

³ *Journal Officiel de la Maç. Franç.* 1885, p. 741.

⁴ *Compte-rendu Officiel du Congrès de Nantes*, March 25, 1885, p. 22.

⁵ *Journal Officiel de la Maç. Franç.* 1887, p. 690.

In 1888:

Will the nineteenth century see this erection of lies and monstrous principles and scandalous theories, which goes by the name of the Catholic Church, fall to pieces under the crushing weight of unfettered reason? Let us hope so.¹

No new *formulae* were discovered in 1889 and 1890. In 1891, Masonic efforts to destroy all religion in France are dealt with at length:

You who have always been in the vanguard of democracy, you who have always served as guides to our legislators, show by your vote that religious instruction must disappear from France.² . . . Man will be transformed; he will clear his brain of superstition, and cure himself of clerical hysteria; then, without troubling his mind about a future haunted by the dreams and chimeras of our vanished religions, he will be able to devote himself to philanthropy, &c.³

The year 1892 was a very busy one for the Lodges. First of all, preparations had to be made for the Parliamentary elections of the coming year. Masonic candidates had to be chosen, and the conditions which they were required to accept in return for Masonic support were to be drawn up. Then again, the Lodges found themselves obliged to introduce important changes in their policy and tactics, on account of Leo XIII.'s Encyclical letter, dated February 16, 1892, in which he called upon the Catholics of France to "rally" to the Republic. Whatever may have been thought at the time of this intervention of the great Pontiff, it is now generally recognized that the policy outlined in the letter was a stroke of genius. A certain section of Catholics failed to see things in their true light; but the Freemasons immediately grasped the situation. For twelve years they had been aiming at political power. What their object was in doing so we have already seen, but they could not openly proclaim their real intentions. Being adepts in the art of deception, they reserved their anti-religious utterances for the seclusion of their private meetings. Abroad, their policy was known as *Concentration républicaine*. This disguised war-cry was cleverly chosen; it had a patriotic ring; it fell in with the opinions and desires of the majority of Frenchmen, who had completely broken with the monarchy.

¹ *Bulletin de la Grande Loge écoss.* vol. ix. p. 62.

² *Bulletin du G.-O.* August—September, 1891, p. 474.

³ *Ibid.* p. 645.

It also served to mark out Catholics as hostile to the existing form of government (although this was not true of them as a body), and thus to prevent them from acquiring power and influence in the country. Thus was produced in the minds of Frenchmen an opposition, mostly factitious, between Republicanism and Catholicism, which greatly helped the Freemasons in the furtherance of their designs. All went well until, in 1892, Leo XIII.'s letter fell among them like a thunderbolt. It produced immense consternation and alarm. Why it should have done so must remain a mystery, if we suppose the Freemasons to have been sincere in their *Concentration républicaine*. The truth is that they had no genuine love of the Republic for its own sake; any other form of government would have been equally acceptable, provided it allowed them to work out their plans. The Catholics who rallied to the Republic ought to have been welcomed as bringing powerful and unexpected support to the work which Freemasons professed to have at heart. Instead of that, the letter of Leo XIII. was condemned in unmeasured language. They refused to work together with the *ralliés* for the good of the Republic, for these recruits represented the Church which Masons were determined to destroy. Their war-cry was no longer of any use now that the "eternal enemy" of Masonry had held out a friendly hand to the Republic. Modifications had to be introduced into their programme; new allies were to be found.

When the last partisans of an obsolete *régime* take a step towards the Republic, it is quite natural for Republicans to take a step towards the republican Republic. When everybody in France proceeds to call himself a Republican it is quite natural that a party should be formed in favour of the *true Republic*, the motto of which, in this our assembly of 1892, is: *thorough-going anti-clericalism and Socialism*.¹

So, then, the Republic which Freemasons pretended to support was not the real Republic. They were striving for another form of government, a republican Republic, that is, a Masonic Republic, the true character of which we shall learn more fully from the *Compte-rendu* of 1899. The last extract also shows that their new allies had been found in the Socialists, for it is from this year that the Socialistic evolution of the

¹ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1892, p. 50.

Grand-Orient dates—an evolution which, though still in process, seems to be rapidly approaching its full term.¹

Rome's inconvenient interference and the upsetting, for a time, of their plans, thoroughly roused the Lodges, and with renewed ardour they set to work to prepare for the elections. Signs of an immense activity are to be found on almost every page of the *Bulletin* for this year. Committees were being formed all over the country, the sinews of war (*le nerf de la guerre*) being collected, electioneering programmes being distributed—one set of programmes being for private use in the Lodges, another set for use before the electors. At the first sitting of this year's *Convent*, the members showed themselves more anti-religious and more hostile to Rome than ever. Their future Members of Parliament were called upon to oppose "clericalism, the eternal enemy." What this meant is made clear by the following resolution which was put to the vote and carried:

The *Convent* decides that it is the strict duty of a Freemason, if he is a Member of Parliament, to vote for the suppression of the *budget des cultes*, for the suppression of the French Embassy at the Vatican, and on all occasions to declare himself in favour of the separation of Churches and State without abandoning the right of the State to police the churches.²

Similar conditions were also imposed on municipal councillors. Then, when all the details of the campaign had been settled, it only remained to rouse the members to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, and a number of inflammatory speeches, enlarging upon the iniquities of the Vatican and the *prétendus ralliés*, were delivered in order to "warm the stomachs" of lukewarm individuals.³

The elections of 1893 were, however, not altogether favourable to the Freemasons, as one of the speakers at the *Convent* of that year had to confess. "We have just finished our first battle with the *ralliés*. Our victory is not a decisive one.

¹ The confusion caused in the ranks of Freemasonry by Leo XIII.'s letter is further illustrated by a pamphlet which was printed at St. Etienne a few months after the *ralliement*. It will be sufficient to quote the title: *Nécessité de refaire à l'image de l'unité maç.'. l'unité du parti républicain et d'emprunter à la doctrine maç. les idées directrices qui permettront de grouper pour une action commune les éléments du parti républicain.*

² *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1892, p. 488.

³ "Il faut mettre le feu au ventre de ceux qui ne veulent pas marcher." (*Ibid.*, p. 407.)

More than forty *rallies* succeeded at the polls."¹ After discussing the elections, the same speaker came to the conclusion that the only way of reducing the Moderate majority at the next elections was to accentuate more and more their anti-clerical policy. This view they proceeded to adopt, by voting that "no Freemason can be elected Member of the Council of the Order if he has not previously given a written pledge not to have recourse, either for himself or his children under age, to the practices of religion."

The question of Church and State now appears more frequently in their proceedings, and their demands become more peremptory. At the *Convent* of 1894, M. Gadaud, a Member of the Senate, speaking of the Separation, called it "a question twenty times ripe and twenty times left to rot," and exclaimed: "Why not cut the chain which binds the Church to the State—two bodies divorced this long time?"¹ At the same meeting it was decided that, "every Freemason possessed of an electoral mandate (i.e., *Sénateur*, *Député*, or *Conseiller*) is bound to vote for every proposal tending to assure the speedy Separation of Church and State."

OSWALD KELLET.

(*To be continued.*)

¹ *Bulletin du G.-O.*, 1893, p. 471.

Sir Thomas Browne.

"If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do condemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, the Multitude." This, with one unpleasant exception, was the sole antipathy that Sir Thomas Browne could discover in himself, having a nature, he genially adds, that "consorts and sympathiseth with all things." It turns out, however, as he goes on to explain and qualify this aversion, that it is not only the Horatian mob, but "a sort of plebeian heads," "a rabble amongst the gentry," "ignorant doradoes," evidently the smart set of his day, whom he cannot away with. To these, indeed, he is likely to remain dark; yet *le destin est railleur*, and there is a curious retribution in the fact that it is mainly by his impassioned and imaginative treatment of subjects that come home to the business and bosoms of the multitude, and not by the outpoured stores of his motley erudition that his work has now much living value.

Doctor Johnson, with a very genuine liking and admiration for Browne's learning, was deaf to the deeper music and imaginativeness of his writings, and belonged to that "surd and earless generation" on whom such finer harmonies were lost, and who read the *Garden of Cyrus* and the *Pseudo-doxia* probably for their scientific and useful information. "His tropes are harsh," the Doctor says, "and his combinations uncouth:" though he adds that "he will not easily be deprived of the esteem of posterity while learning shall have any reverence among men." Browne himself took a juster view. He saw that the scientific certainties of one generation too often become the vulgar errors of the next; and that "Aristotle"—whom he praises for understanding the "uncertainty" of knowledge—"doth but instruct us as Plato did him, that is, to confute himself." "Those petty acquisitions," he says elsewhere, "add no feathers. I know most of the plants of my country; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simplified

farther than Cheapside." Any enduringness that he has must be sought in deeper sources, in his profound touches of pathos, in his noble outlook on life and the never-varying earnestness and sublimity with which he views the great issues of death and immortality. "Who can speak of eternity without a spiecism, or think of it without an ecstasy?" is his perpetually recurring theme. Fit inhabitant of Milton's high, lonely tower, it was on such lofty thoughts that he chiefly dwelt; and it was to this vivid inward life that he was alluding when he said characteristically that his life had been a miracle of thirty years, "which to relate were not history, but a piece of poetry;" on which the author of *Rasselas* thus comments: "A man may visit France and Italy, reside at Montpellier and Padua, and at last take his degree at Leyden without anything miraculous."

It seems never to have been with any utilitarian view to the discovery of medicinal properties, or any notion of Baconian fruit, that he devoted so much time to the study of natural history. It is rather the mystical meaning, which he conceives to underlie the structure of creation, of which he is in search. "The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible." It is to such a world, and to the ponderings, the "elevations" it gives rise to, that he retires in his cloistral seclusion at Norwich—taking leave, careless Royalist as he was, of the stirring life around him, and finding even in his "warm and canicular days" that the "glory of the world was surely over and the earth ashes."

There was in his character, along with an exquisitely mobile sensibility, an innate, contemplative calm, which appears to have been a "planetary" accident of his birth, for "I was born," he tells us, "under Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet within me." It prevented his ever becoming an ardent partisan; and in part explains his very curious disregard of the splendid literature of his time, for, if we except an off-hand allusion to *Hudibras*, there is hardly any evidence of his being aware of his giant contemporaries, or indeed of having explored his native literature at all. He prided himself, not without justice, on his Catholic wide-mindedness, but was incapable of seeing anything nearer than the horizon. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that he had no horizon outside what he is fond of calling the "cosmography of myself," and that, anticipating Mrs. Jellyby, he carried about with him "all

Africa and her prodigies." His Platonic mysticism came thus in time to form for him a solemn background of eternity, on which his smaller and more everyday experiences were thrown into relief.

Allied too with this indifferentism and aloofness to the burning politics of his day, was an element of timidity. He always deprecates with eager anxiousness any adverse criticism, both in antiquarian minutiae and in his treatment of the "wingy mysteries of divinity." Though scholars are men of peace, yet, he says, "their tongues are sharper than Actius his razor; I had rather stand the shock of a basilisco than the fury of a merciless pen." Hence his cautious trimming in expounding the physician's faith, and his dexterity in steering clear of any very definite dogma. He condemns not all things in the Council of Trent nor approves all in the Synod of Dort. Indeed, the alarmingly internecine character of seventeenth-century polemics might have scared a bolder man. "How do grammarians hack and slash for the genitive case in Jupiter! How do they break their own pates to salve that of Priscian?" He confesses that he has no liking for thus deciding matters of opinion wherein each one, in his own quaint phrase, is his "best CEdipus."

Shut out by his shrinking self-diffidence from a life of action and ambition, he was driven inward on himself to a life of meditative calm and speculation. His company, much sought after when his books began to bring him fame, appears to have been urbane and stately rather than exhilarating. "I am in no way facetious," he admits, "nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof." His humour, so dear to the heart of Charles Lamb, was, one is inclined to think, entirely unconscious; and is very often traceable to his immovably grave discussion of the most whimsical and outlandish nonsense. Thus he treats, with apparently the severest scientific scrutiny, the ways and habitat of the salamander, the basilisk, the phoenix and other odd *through-the-looking-glass* creatures; and warns any too credulous people against believing, merely on the authority of travellers, that a hedgehog's right eye, boiled in oil, will help them to see in the dark. In pointing out too what one would have thought were the sufficiently obvious disadvantages or, as he says, "disparagements" of baldness, he reminds his readers of the

story of Æschylus's death, "whose pate was mistaken for a rock, and so was brained by a tortoise which an eagle let fall on it;" and hastens to turn this telling argument against the Copernican theory, "for how should the motion of the earth below not wave him from a knock perpendicularly directed from a body in the air above?" So too he abandons a highly congenial, because completely insoluble discussion as to the probable duration of the world with the regretful words "that it had been an excellent query to have posed the devil at Delphos, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology."

Just as he preferred in his natural history investigations the hazy and unmapped borderland of the semi-fabulous, to matter-of-fact experiment and rigid definition, so in his religious beliefs it was the "airy subtleties and involved enigmas," that were his chosen pabulum. "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough; I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point," and as for predestination, free-will, and yet deeper mysteries, "though they have unhinged the brains of better heads, yet they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine." And he alludes somewhere rather contemptuously to an acquaintance of his, a Doctor of Physic in Italy, who, on the occasion of some dispute, was completely "plunged and gravelled by three lines of Seneca." He lived in an atmosphere of mystery, and would have his readers provide themselves with "intellectual tubes" that they may have a glance of things "which visive organs reach not." We are to "lodge immaterials in our heads" and entertain "thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch."

We may take it as sufficiently demonstrated that Browne was not in any real sense of the word a man of science. We cannot compare him with such men as Sydenham, or Harvey, or Boyle, his contemporaries; though his stimulating influence may perhaps have helped forward the movement that culminated in the formation of the Royal Society. Rather he is one of the writers who, according to de Quincey's luminous distinction, go to form the literature of Power. He was a mystic to the bone; and in more modern days we can fancy that his ideas would have taken a different bent, and that finding the "fairy tales of science" a matter of laborious and rather arid investigation, he would have turned with Coleridge, in many ways a kindred spirit, to the cloudland of German metaphysics.

But we must hesitate before passing from what he would call his "collateral lapses" to a summary condemnation of his main influence. Evelyn, we know, went out of his way to visit the famous knight of Norwich, and the pleasant picture he gives us of Sir Thomas in his house and garden, "which he has turned into a perfect palace and cabinet of rarities," and his recognition of the recluse as forming with his coterie of admirers a focus of intellectual life, show us the impression he made on an acute contemporary, certainly the last to be at all struck by a mere dreaming wiseacre. Browne was not the man to hesitate about taking all knowledge as his province; but instead of Bacon's method of arriving at truth by a slow accumulation of carefully sifted inferences, would have preferred an informal ramble amid the wonders of creation, rejoicing to turn aside at times from sober inquiry and tested fact to give his lighter fancy play in raising "some sweeter piece of reason and diviner point of philosophy." To expect of such a man hard and rigidly-connected thinking, would be to look for grapes from thorns, or to seek cabbages in "Attalus his rose-garden." He belongs to letters.

The book by which English readers know him best, better than by the quaint ingenuity of the *Garden of Cyrus*, or than by the ample eloquence and rolling organ music of the *Urn-Burial*, is the first book he published, the *Religio Medici*. He warns the "ingenuous" reader at the outset that many expressions therein are "merely tropical, and as they best illustrate my intention," and the warning should be taken with us as a species of disinfectant when following the doctor through some of his wilder extravaganzas. He professes to be writing his *Apologia*, to quit himself of the "scandal" of his profession. The whole aim of the book,—for notwithstanding its pleasant by-paths of personal confidences and garrulous digression it has a clear drift,—is to expound the religion of the layman. In an age when, as Mr. Chesterton says, some of the broadest thinkers believed in faggots, he can write without heat; the reason being that he is the loosest of latitudinarians. "The heaven," he says, "of all religious actions is wisdom, without which to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another." He professes himself a sworn subject to the Church of England as being that "most framed to his particular devotion." There follows, however, to those whose ears "are opener to logic than rhetoric," a subtle

saving-clause. Although where the Scripture is silent the Church is his text, and although in divinity he loves to keep the road, yet "in philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself." Where he cannot satisfy his reason, he loves to humour his fancy. Where there is an obscurity too deep for his reason "'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration." These are the accents of a wary non-combatant. If there is no trace of the civil war with its drums and trappings in his sabbatic pages, it is still stranger to find no echo of the furious polemical cannonading with which all Europe then rang. He was for peace with honour. "There be," he says, "sturdy doubts and boisterous objections in divinity;" but they result from the "villainy of that spirit [the enemy of man] who takes a hint of infidelity from our studies," and sows in secret the tares of endless scepticism.

With evident relief he turns from such thorny topics to the task of deciphering the hieroglyphics of nature. "There is a set of things that carry in their front (though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters), something of divinity." Here he finds a more congenial theme. Here he can indulge his liberty of private vagueness. He is a lover of small things. Others might wonder at the prodigious pieces of nature, but in bees, and ants, and spiders, "there is more curious mathematics." "Who admires not *Regio-Montanus* his fly beyond his eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a cedar?" And so, almost before we are aware, we have left the winding stream of the argument and are floating down a sunny and rather slumbersome backwater of digression, our worthy physician still blithely chatting in his gossiping autobiographical vein.

One position in his layman's creed he states pretty plainly. The two domains of science and religion—the idea was more novel in his day—were to be kept distinct. Amid lynx-eyed censors, keenly on the look out for the least hint of terminological inexactitude, it is no wonder that so original-minded and yet peaceable a man as Browne, conscious of a fund of unpublished matter, "not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of my own brain," should have given utterance to a "melancholy *utinam*," that there might be a general synod, to draw up a compendious digest of

what a Christian should hold, and reduce dogma to "a few and solid authors." So long as a man respectably "conformed," he was to be at liberty to keep the key of a private Colney Hatch of fads and out-of-the-way crotchets; and so that he did not unsettle weaker minds, he might wear his rue with a difference. If one is disposed to complain of the rather hazy light thrown on the author's real belief, we should remember that the treatise was penned for his own diversion, and that it contains many things to be taken in "a soft and flexible sense."

There is a passage in the wonderful closing pages of the *Religio Medici*, which gives us a sudden glimpse of perhaps the chief source of his fascinating style:

It is my temper to affect all harmony. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern-music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first Composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers; it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.

Milton himself hardly struck a more massive chord. It is music such as this, and yet more majestic passages in the *Urn-Burial*, in which the language seems fused and molten down into pure emotional gold, which justify Lowell in calling him "our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare." It is a glorious and central instance of a gift, of which there is unfortunately in the sober narrative of his Norwich life but one fitful glimpse—a gift Milton also had so pre-eminently—a musician's fineness of ear, and an inborn sense of melody, which with a happier environment might have given us a greater Purcell or an English Beethoven. We are told in his biography, and it is just one of those little traits that speak volumes, that he was fond of sitting in the cathedral listening, in an ecstasy, to the rich-toned organ. It was to such strains,

we may fancy, that he set the antiphonal cadences of his own noble prose, which rises at times with the splendour of a surging *crescendo* to the utmost stretch of impassioned intensity, and dies away as on a long-drawn chord in the "sweet falling of the clauses." Living, like Sebastian Bach, a life of the straitest and most uneventful routine, he too had a deep source of melody within, and it was in that darker, more withdrawn shrine, "his solitary and retired imagination," that he wove the vast harmonies of his spacious dream-fugues.

Very characteristic in this respect is his sure sense of the charm, as of some imprisoned perfume, lingering in ancient names and in those "long savoursome Latinisms," which he handles with such subtlety of effect. It proved, however, eventually a snare. In the *Religio Medici*, where his language is uniformly leavened and invigorated with "racy Saxon monosyllables," his fine use of those old, half-archaic words, rescuing them in this way from undeserved oblivion and giving them fresh point and currency, adds a strange aroma to that wonderful "garden of words;" but in his later writings, in proportion as his isolation and converse with the old "tetric" philosophers grew more pronounced, his English became crabbed and polysyllabic to the last and most grotesque degree. Indeed he looked forward to the time when it would be necessary to learn Latin to understand the vernacular; and would have cordially endorsed Bacon's saying that "these modern languages will at one time or another play the bank-rowte with books."

It was precisely this sesquipedalian turn that appealed to Johnson. Does he not somewhere confide to Boswell that it was Browne's work on which he had formed his style? And can we not imagine the vociferous defence he would make of his favourite author's encyclopædic learning and rolling sonorousness in that "he has augmented our philosophical diction," and given us many "*verba ardentia*, forcible expressions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmost verge of propriety"? One is reminded of Johnson's defence of another—also rather verbose—favourite; how contrasting Richardson's monumental novels with lighter Parisian wares, he admitted that these might perhaps be pretty baubles, but a wren, sir, was not an eagle.

Browne loved a large canvas. "I could never pass that sentence of Paracelsus without an asterisk or annotation: *Ascendens constellatum multa revelat quaerentibus magna*

naturae." In such regions he had ample space "to orb about," and lose himself in an *O altitudo*. For with all the love of minute things which we have already heard him professing, once he had his learned sock on, if he ever wrote with his eye on the object, it was merely to use such hard, dry facts as he could gather from it as so many "scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity." In his seeking for larger and more grandiose effects, he loses sight of slight wayside objects; or, what is worse, observes them with some pedantic preconception. The meanest weed that blows gives him thoughts of *quincunxes*; and a primrose by the river's brim is chiefly remarkable as showing in its seed-capsule some trace of "the *gomphosis*, or mortise-articulation." This, however, is not of his essence. It is a flaw that appears only when, as he would say, he is dealing with the "pericardium of truth" and has not pierced to the heart. It is not in carving cherry stones, but in his handling of subjects that lend themselves to a huger and more colossal treatment that his imagination found the freest scope. "I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able not only, as we do at school, to construe, but understand :

Victuorose Dei celant, ut vivere durent,
Felix esse mori."

This was the burden of his higher musings. He is the panegyrist of Death. It was on the terrifying mysteries of the *Outre-Tombe*, and on the appalling vistas it opens out, banishing all littleness of thought, that he dwelt in the spirit of deep and sombre brooding, on "ingression into the divine shadow," and the time "when the funeral pyre is out and the last valediction over."

With this mournful note the whole movement and music of his style shifts into a sadder key. The chance discovery of some old urns at Walsingham had stirred some strange fibre of sympathy within him, and led to that magnificent rhapsody, the *Urn-Burial*, "an imaginative exercise," Mr. Gosse says, "as audacious as *Lycidas*, and almost as successful." Those little urns, still containing the frail remains of far-off ancestors, unearthed now from the dark mould, where they had "quietly rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests," and silently breathing out "old mortality and the ruins of forgotten times," like some ancient violin vibrating again with melody and life, awakened his hidden music and

touched his lips with sacred fire. He brings before us as in a sad fresco the customs of interment from all ages and all nations. And here the strange duality that runs in such curious texture through all his writings, dry pedantry passing suddenly into glowing romantic colour, is lifted by his high-wrought fantasy and woven with wonderful visionary effect into one "dusky strand of death." With its shadowy, slow-moving pageantry, and vast suggestiveness of "pyramids, arches, obelisks, and the wild enormities of ancient magnanimity," and of all the unexplored and dreaming earth that is "yet in the urn to us," it draws around us as with the folds of a shrouding tabernacle the mystery of midnight stillness revealing the abysses of death below, while the world lies hushed in trance and distant bells "sound on into the drowsy race of night." Unlike Dante, moving sternly forward to the dark city of Dis, untouched by the cry behind him, that last awful wail of Argenti shrilling across the river of Forgetfulness, the mystic of the *Urn-Burial* thinks with warmer human-heartedness of those over whom "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," and of those who lay down to rest "without a further thought of Rhadamanth." Even for these the firmament of eternity is not so dark but that it is relieved with bright gleams of Christian trust that, star-like, "wash the dusk with silver."

That in strewing their tombs the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks amaranth and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hope. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body.

And thus their dim intimations of a future life are hallowed and exalted by the faith and fervid strains of his high *requiem*; and as he describes the Christian cells and burial-places filled with "hopeful drafts of Scripture stories, and hinting imagery of the resurrection," so they too carry with them the promise and seed of after-splendour; for "man is a noble animal; splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature."

HAROLD BINNS.

Through the Scrub.

At dawn of day we would feel the breeze
That stirred the boughs of the sleeping trees
And brought a breath of fragrance rare
That comes and goes in that scented air ;
For the trees and grass and the shrubs contain
A dry sweet scent on the salt-bush plain.

A. B. Paterson.

IN the Never-Never Country, which lies at the back of beyond, human beings are scarce, and only some of them travel.

It is seldom, therefore, that a wayfarer meets another along the silent track. When he does, he hails him as a friend and a brother. Here there is no class distinction : the educated and the uneducated are as one in the vast spaces ; each is part of the great human family that journeys along the high-road of life together. Thus when one traveller passes another, he tarries in the silence, to exchange a word of greeting with his fellow. For there is nothing like the weird melancholy of the Australian bush for laying bare the innate needs of the human heart, foremost of which is the need for human fellowship.

Even in Paradise man cried aloud for a companion. And if in Paradise, how much more in the Queensland scrub, where a spirit of desolation breathes over the grey waste ; where no running water ever calls, and no mountain ever beckons ; where no bird lifts up its voice in the stillness, and where the great kangaroos hop noiselessly down to the water-hole at sunset ; and far and near there is nothing to be seen but the dead grass and the stunted salt bush.

Assuredly no one journeys across the sun-baked plains except those whose living depends on it. Among these are the mail and the teamster. The mail-man's track may be traced by the hoof-marks. In dry weather these are discerned with difficulty. But the mail-man has the bushman's instinct. In his pocket he carries a map of the surrounding country. By

night he has the stars to guide him ; by day the sun. Sometimes when a storm is pending, the sun hides behind the leaden clouds. But the mail-man is not to be balked, he has his own method of taking his bearings. From his pocket he takes out his penknife, and after polishing up his thumbnail on his riding breeches, he balances the point of the blade on the polished nail ; then, by the faint shadow that falls athwart, he fixes the position of the sun. This is the country where

. . . one's letters and exchanges, come by chance across the ranges,
Where a wiry young Australian leads a pack-horse once a week,
And the good news grows by keeping and you're spared the pain of
weeping
Over bad news when the mail-man drops the letters in the creek.

Indeed, the mail-man's life is a lonely one, and not without its cares. He carries his own water supply wherever he goes. And when his water-bag is caught in passing by the branch of a tree, it may sustain a puncture. And a puncture is a serious thing when the land is red-hot and the next water-hole dried up. These are times when the mail-man's philosophy becomes somewhat strained, for he knows that however knocked out his horse is, they must push on to make a homestead.

Like the rover described by the poet of the back-country, he may well echo the refrain :

So it's shift, boys, shift, for there isn't the slightest doubt
That we've got to make a shift to the stations further out.
With the pack-horse running after, for he follows like a dog,
We must strike across the country at the old jig-jog.

But its time I was movin', I've a mighty way to go
Till I drink artesian water from a thousand feet below. . . .

Thus, in a sense, the mail-man carries his life in his hand as he makes his periodic trips through the dried-up districts of the north-west.

The only other traveller to penetrate the lonely scrub is the teamster. But while the mail-man represents a luxury, the teamster is a necessity to those who dwell in the distant places. For as the former charges himself with the delivery of letters, the latter is responsible for the delivery of goods : of tea, sugar, flour, and those various other household requisites without which life in the back-blocks would be as barren as the land is bare.

To the cattle stations the teamster goes but once a year,

when he carries perhaps four or five tons of groceries. But to the sheep runs he goes more often, in view of the greater opportunities for "back-stuff." Here he is more or less sure of a return load; skins and bales of wool left over from the last shearing which still await transport to the sea-board.

For this cartage the squatter pays well. And taking it all round, the teamster's life is an easy one.

Six miles a day is the average for a bullock team. In a bad season, however, when the grass is poor, the bullocks must make eight or even ten miles if they are to obtain a sufficiency of pasture.

Usually two bullock-carts travel together; one for the goods, another for the teamster's wife and family. The household spend their lives on the road, journeying backwards and forwards through the scrub. It may be a two hundred mile route; it may be longer. Then there is the return journey, on the completion of which the waggons are again loaded up, this time for a destination still more distant. For wherever a white man has pitched his tent, there the teamster must follow with the rations.

. . . Back to the road, and I crossed again
Over the miles of the salt-bush plain,
The shining plain that is said to be
The dried up bed of an inland sea.

The teamster's party is interesting in its variety, consisting as it does of assorted elements—human and otherwise. First there are the men, the children, and the woman who exercises her sway inside and out of the bullock-cart. For the teamster's wife knows as much about cattle as her husband does, besides which she can cook and wash and mend. More than that, she has a persuasive way with the poultry that straggle along at the tail of the cart, picking up what they may on the route. The young chickens she keeps in the cart; while bringing up the rear and forming the complement of the party, walk four or five sturdy goats. These will come at the woman's call, and make no bother either, at milking time.

Throughout the day the bullock teams press forward, the waggons jolting over the ruts, and the sun making a wavy line of the far horizon. At sundown the party camp for the night. The men unhitch the cattle, the children collect firewood, and the woman unpacks the provisions. Supper over, and pipes

extinguished, the teamster and his men roll themselves up in their blankets, lying out on the warm, dry ground. The waggon is reserved for the wife and children. But usually the cart is found to contain none but the girl-children—for every son of a teamster scorns the luxury of lying on straw. He prefers to scratch for himself. Thus the small boy stretches himself beside the men, and never wakes till the camp is stirring.

As regards the bullocks, they find their own fodder, straying out into the open. Perhaps there are in all forty bullocks, twenty to the team. This means that each beast may roam off at will through the boundless scrub. Therefore, to ensure their staying together, one bullock is chosen who is known to be a rover, and to the neck of this bullock is tied a bell. Cattle are timid and lonesome at night, but the sound of the bell is company, and the mob follow close to the leader.

The Australian bullock-bell is about twelve inches long. It gives out no tinkling sound, only a dull "knock, knock." It breaks upon the stillness of the night with a sullen clanging note, mournful and persistent, like the cry of a spirit that seeks for rest.

On the open plains the sound of the bullock-bell can be heard for miles. Sometimes when the ranges lie behind, and the wind is favourable, the sound is thrown back over the flat stretches to a distance of seven miles. But to hear it one must have a trained ear and the sheltering night. For nature awakes with the dawn, and the foreground pulsates with the music of the new-born day: the call of the bell bird; the buzz of insects, and the chirping of birds in the mulga trees. In the chorus of which myriad voices no sound creeps in from beyond. And once the sun is up, only a black boy may tell what is happening afar off, as with ear pressed close to the earth he marks the distant passing of cattle. But even his acute hearing will not serve outside a radius of two or three miles.

With the first streak of dawn the travellers are astir:—the cattle must be rounded in before breakfast. Then comes the yoking-up—which may be a lengthy operation. First the bullocks need to be driven in to the camp. After that they have to be sorted out into couples, for each bullock requires to be yoked to his own mate. Otherwise he declines to be yoked at all.

In theory the yoking of a bullock team is simple enough. The

tackle consists of a wooden log, which passes over the shoulders of every couple; besides this, there is a bow, or iron collar, which circles the neck of each beast. This iron collar is affixed by pins to the log. From this it will be seen that the only difficulty lies in the simultaneous yoking of the two animals—for the log must be kept horizontal. Two men are therefore required to hitch up every two bullocks, meanwhile the rest of the mob may be off again across the plain.

It is here, however, that the teamster's wife lends a hand, as the real helpmate should. Leaving the breakfast to cook itself, she snatches up the cattle whip and circles round the mob to prevent them breaking camp.

To the eye of the uninitiated one bullock is more or less like his fellow; the forty cattle being but so many replicas of the first. But to the teamster's wife each beast is a separate entity, having its own special disposition and characteristics. To her it is Tiger, or Spot, or Rover, and so on throughout the mob. She knows each one as well as the cattle-dog does. Deft of hand and quick of eye, it is seldom that the daughter of the scrub is beaten at the game. As she stands there, whip in hand, at the edge of the camp, nothing escapes her. Is it only a slight movement—does a leader but toss his head with impatience—the long sinuous lash flies out and bids the restless one be still. Or perhaps a bullock has broken away from the men and got mixed up with the mob. In an instant she has given the word of command; the lash of the cattle-whip cleaves the air, the cattle-dog springs forward, and the required bullock, signalled by name, is successfully cut out from the midst of the stamping, trampling, and excited mob.

So the team is yoked, but the sun is high above them before the travellers are on their way.

At first the creaking of the waggons fill the air as they slowly pass out of sight. For awhile the voices of the men are thrown back upon the breeze. Presently the echoes drop lower, getting fainter and fainter as the distance widens. Finally, all human sounds cease, and a silence that can be felt spreads itself out over the land. From skyline to skyline the vast world of the north-west lies open, flat; and the boree scrub, filled with a sense of untold desolation, stretches out empty hands to the distant horizon.

MAY QUINLAN.

The White Road.

. . . Not to souls unshriven
But whoso in his life has striven
To love things holy and be true.

Euripides.

I.

ON the old road, long since abandoned, which led from Torres Vedras to the capital, there was a point at which a view of the sea broke in upon the traveller with an almost furious insistence. It was as though the Atlantic, of a sudden, took his face between great hands and forced him to gaze into the deep blue of her eyes. For the road, which for miles wandered through hills as brown as the faces of the country people, suddenly thrust upwards, and entering upon a gorge found the sea as a great plain far below boldly framed in rigid lines of rock. For the space of a quarter of a mile the traveller must walk with the eyes of the sea full upon him, and all nature crying parables if he had ears to hear. It was one who had heard, I take it, who placed at the end of the gorge, so that from a distance it seemed to stand in the middle of the road, a great crucifix of wood. All but the stump of it has disappeared, but for centuries it stood, black, and, as it were, suspended, a pectoral cross on the broad bosom of the waters; those wide waters which sometimes lay at peace, like a child breathing sunlight, or livid and flecked with foam drew a terrible line of fate across the horizon.

So wonderful was the place, and so mesmeric the gaze of the sea, that in the days when such things were rife, the fear of thieves and the dread of sudden death departed from the traveller as he entered it—departed like evil angels unable to bear the presence of divinity. For, great even now in its abandonment, the place was greatest when from the depths of the Atlantic a new and enchanted world had risen for the men of Europe when the ocean, which had for so long been

ultimate, became transformed into a wizard's sea, and such look-out posts as these were in very truth those magic casements of which the poet of our own race has sung.

Thus it does not surprise me that in the life of Stephen Zuraire this gorge with the crucifix and the sea played a determining part. The father of Stephen, a prosperous farmer of the hamlet of Los Angeles, used to send his produce to market by this very road of the gorge; and to Stephen, from his earliest years, it was the way that led into the world, that led from the quiet, clean, hard-working life of the farm into bustling, holiday-making Lisbon. When very small he used to go to market with his parents, seated, a little nut-brown and vermilion god of the country, between the fruit-laden panniers of the mules, and at Lisbon spent the day under the stall in the market square, watching the legs of the customers, the buckles of their shoes, their beautiful variegated stockings, the ends of their velvet scabbards which waggled to and fro as they bargained. The scabbards, in particular, fascinated Stephen. He would sometimes touch them lovingly with a podgy, daring finger, until one day, as though he had pressed a magic spring, the curtain in front of the stall whisked up, and there was a fierce, moustachoed face glaring down at him, and crying, "Ha! ha! little one, what have we here?" Stephen howled and rolled over to the other side, and was snatched up and well shaken for his daring.

Even in these early years the gorge had its peculiar fascination for the child, for he used to notice how his mother, who until they entered it had been talking and laughing, grew suddenly silent, and went gazing with her great black eyes out to sea. Even when he called her and pulled her cloak she did not, as generally, look down and smile at him, but only stroked his head, and remained gazing out with no laughter in her eyes. Stephen felt sure that she saw something, and that when she knelt before the crucifix at the end it was not at the terrible stark figure of wood that she looked, but at the something beyond. It might be our Lord Himself that she saw, white and great, rising from the sea, or Madonna Mary, or, perhaps an angel. Stephen never asked, feeling that the matter was sacred, but used to screw up his eyes and try to see for himself. And sometimes he fancied he caught a glimpse of a great wing just vanishing in cloud, but was never quite satisfied, having a very practical mind.

Reverence was throughout his life a characteristic of Stephen Zuraire, and it was doubtless born of the great love and reverence with which as a boy he followed this wonderful wise mother of his. For him she gave a meaning to things; the goats were there to be milked by her, and the grapes hung in clusters that she might pick them. Indeed, when he was very little, since he knew that she was always praying, he thought that the good things of the earth were God's answers to her prayers, the rich yellow cream formed on the milk at her petition, the plump figs, and the green olives, and the purple grapes came on the trees because she asked for them. To the end of his life he could never pass through a vineyard without sadness, for of all things after she had gone the leaves and fruit of the vine recalled her presence most vividly; the moist, fragrant leaves that were like her caress, and the grapes of which she spoke so wisely, telling of the mystery of wine by which they become the Blood of God. At these times, as so often, he would feel with awe that she saw things in the world about that were hidden from him, and he became dimly aware of a sacrificial presence brooding over the earth; learning to approach with veiled head and fearfully that Mystery of the Incarnation of which in those days as in ours the multitude of men so glibly cavilled.

It was perhaps because he had learnt in his childhood to think of Christ our Lord as One of whom much might be known from the broad spaces of the sky, and the fields and rivers, that as he grew to boyhood, the gorge on the road to Lisbon became more than ever a religious place to him. If he were alone he would remove his hat on entering, and whether alone or in company he never passed the crucifix at the end without dismounting and praying before it. These prayers of his were in no sense mystical and a cry for light, the glimpses he had through his mother of the flaming mountain peaks of existence had aroused in him as yet no longing to scale them, no desire for a rarer spiritual air. His prayers were of a simple agricultural and commercial character as, that he might get a good price for his butter, that the sick ox might not die, sometimes though with no great heart, and to satisfy convention, that he might be a better boy. For if he wanted to be wise in the things of the spirit (though to him at this period the expression would have been quite foreign) he knew the way perfectly well; there must be sleeping on the ground, and

scourges, and hair-shirts, and a diet of bread and water ; there was no more need for prayer than for knowledge of the road to Lisbon. But none of these practices commended themselves to Stephen, who ate and slept as honestly as he worked, who was rapidly becoming a good farmer, a shrewd and efficient salesman.

The angel who came from God to Stephen to tell him that this honest, kindly road through life on which he had contentedly started was not to be his to the end, was the terrible messenger, the Angel of Death, who when his cruel work is done is generally found to have left some message behind him. He came in this case swiftly and so mercifully ; he came like a sudden storm which hardly leaves room for fear before it has done its worst. There was one tense night of agony, and the angel was gone and back in the sky again, and the world as cold and grey to Stephen as the face of his dead mother. Very early in the morning when they told him there was no hope, he went out into the vineyard and with a chain beat his shoulders till they bled, crying dumbly to God, thinking, as so many have done, that the angel was no angel, but an evil spirit to be exorcised by prayer and fasting. And when he came back she was dead.

And with her the old life had died too, as he found with a strange surprise. The road which had seemed to stretch before him with such peaceful assurance through long sober years of toil, through marriage on with honour to old age, became of a sudden impossible, a place without water where the soul would die. This was the first part of the angel's message, the first thing Stephen saw through the mist of tears which is so great a strengthener of vision in matters of the spirit.

The second part came as they were bearing her to the grave, bearing her with yellow candles and a little crucifix down that very road of the gorge to be buried in a churchyard in the valley. The feet of the mourners stirred up clouds of dust as they went, the women were crying and wailing, and Stephen, fascinated by the swaying of the dreadful, flat thing on the bearers' shoulders, walked behind with his father, grave and recollected as the fashion of the day required. And as they entered the gorge the message came, and he saw quite clearly that the wonderful familiar scene was a parable of his mother's life and of all life ; that life was a little thing that looked big until one looked at the bigness beyond ; that the immensity

before him with the cross on its breast, the sky and the summer sea, stood in the parable not for a dumb immensity of space but for a greatness of a soul, the soul of Christ our Lord. All this came to him not as the fruit of frigid reasoning but with the trumpet blare of a revelation. It was as though he had discovered that the scars and weather marks upon the rocks were the hieroglyphics of some lost, mysterious language which he had been given the power to read. The funeral pageant lost its desolation for him; it was a glorious thing they were doing, bearing her body to the sea whose soul had gone to the great God. It was all so real, he was so lost in the parable, the sea and sky seemed so personal and full of love, that it seemed the end must be, not the dark grave and the rattle of earth on the coffin, but some one coming out from the whiteness to take their burden from the weary men to carry it down that long, white, glistening sea road into the west. Only when they had reached the end of the gorge and turned away from the sea did the vision fade, but it mattered little what they did with her body, he knew that her soul had gone down the White Road to God.

He had a way of thinking of her for the future. Her grey face swathed in bandages ceased to follow him, ceased to peer out at him piteously from among the vine trees, or to wait for him to wake in the midnight and find it by his bed. He thought instead, of a long trail of light stretching away over the still sea, mile after mile, reach upon reach, until it vanished in the silver horizon, and then he thought of her passing down it to the west, sometimes as a flash of light, sometimes slowly and majestically robed in brightness, in triumph always, never as labouring or in pain. In this thought and picture of a road he could find comfort even in the darkest hours, even at those terrible times when he came suddenly upon things that had belonged to her, and the wound in his heart burst open and bled afresh. And when he could go down to the gorge and sit by the crucifix gazing out to sea, the vastness and the silence filled his soul with a peace of which he had never before tasted, and filled him too with a strange longing to follow her down the White Road, a longing which made him in silence stretch out yearning arms to the west and envy in a way the men in the ships far below, little curled feathers as they seemed. For though reason said the thing was foolish and made him ashamed of it, the feeling remained and was part of his

consolation, that if he could pass over the great waters he would be nearer to her and to God.

This idea grew as time passed, and became a burden to him. It was as though he were forced to listen to one of whom he could not be sure whether he were madman or prophet, a man speaking foolishness with an earnest face. For the world beyond the waters as he had heard it described at market and in gatherings of the country people was a place where men of war performed incredible feats of arms, and where gold grew in a manner terrible to contemplate. It was fit and proper for men who desired such things to seek them in the new world, but for those who desired God and His Kingdom it was surely the strangest folly. And yet when he went down to the gorge and looked out, the waters called him as clearly as though their waves in the west were indeed of the molten gold they seemed, and went brimming and rolling in full flood to break at last in glory on the steps of the throne of God.

It was the fact of this strange obsession, this foolish thought claiming to be wise, that made the meeting of Stephen with the strange priest an event so momentous in his life. Years had passed since his mother died, and he was at the time a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, courteous in his bearing to all, and in the hamlet regarded as devout. Not a few mothers of the village looked at Stephen hopefully, looked at his upright figure and into his honest eyes with the thought that it were well for their daughters to be protected by such a man. But for Stephen the thought of all such things was blotted out by the vision of the White Road. While others of his age dreamt of the good human matters of love and marriage, Stephen dreamt of a long trail of light on the vast waters that lost itself in immensity; while others watched the sunset two by two and praised God in company, Stephen watched it from beside the crucifix in the gorge, and praised Him all alone.

It was on such an occasion that he met the strange priest. As he entered the gorge he saw him in the distance kneeling before the cross and seeming part of it, the strong yellow light which streamed over land and sea merged them both in the same violet shadow. It was a sunset without variation of colour, a strong glare growing more and more mellow, leaving, when the sun had sunk, a glory of pure light in the sky. And the crucifix and the man before it seemed one thing. That was

what Stephen noticed as he came slowly up the gorge, his long shadow streaming fantastically behind him.

The stranger rose as he drew near, and as he turned the sun caught his face and transfigured it so strangely that Stephen involuntarily started. For it suggested the thought that the man was on fire, the face was so very white and every line and wrinkle upon it stood revealed in the glare as though the light came from within instead of from without.

He stood looking at Stephen, his lips moving as though he had some psalm of the Office to finish, and Stephen, seeing that he was a priest, waited reverently.

"The mercy of God is over all the earth this night," he said at last with a great sigh of utter contentment that seemed part of the great peace of the evening. And as he gazed round at land and sea and sky Stephen saw come into his eyes that same look he had seen in his mother's, and felt the same awe as when he was a little boy. And by the thought of his mother he was filled with a great confidence in this strange priest, and a desire to tell him of his way of life, and in especial of the calling of the waters and of the thought of the White Road. For as he stood there he felt the call in his soul more strong and insistent than ever.

So he told him, as well as he could, the whole matter, sitting by his side, and facing the luminous west. And he felt as he went on that this was the right thing to do, and that he would presently get an answer to his perplexities.

"I am no interpreter of dreams," said the priest slowly, when at length he had made an end of his story, "yet this your dream I think I can interpret. For 'He calleth His sheep by name,' as St. John saith, and you are not the first in these days of ours to whom His voice has come as a loud cry from over the sea. For the real wonder of this new land of which we hear so much is not the treasure men seek there, but rather that in its great forests Christ our Lord is crucified, and by men who know Him not. And there are many, I say, besides yourself, who have heard the voice of His piteous love calling to them from the wild skies of the west. Ah, many hear it, and men are banding together to go forth in His Name, to pour balm as it were into His sacred Wounds. The ships that go out to the west bear other seekers after gold than those you speak of, the merchants and the soldiers; there are those that seek the gold that can purchase joy in the Heart of Christ our Lord. And

that gold is found only in the souls of men, those strong coffers bound about with iron, of which God holds the key; and so precious is it that all we can give is but little in return for one single grain. I myself am a member of such a company of seekers, and do you pray for us that our search be not in vain, that at the end of our labours there may be a little store wherewith to make glad the Heart of our loving Lord."

It was the priest who spoke, but it seemed to Stephen that the sea and the sky had a voice and spoke with him. He had his answer, and the matter now seemed clear enough. For a moment, but a moment he never forgot, he had a vision that came up from the sea like music, the vision of a love passing the love of women, a passion before whose face the heavens and the earth would flee away. Then he knelt for the priest's blessing before they parted, and he had one question more to ask.

"Father," he said, "the name of the company of seekers?"

The priest looked down upon him with his strange white face, and smiled.

"The name?" he said, "why, it is called by a great name. It is called the Company of Jesus."

II.

And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny.

Wordsworth.

After this meeting with the strange priest the time of uncertainty for Stephen was at an end. He felt like a man who, half asleep, has listened for long in the night-time to strange sounds and mutterings about his house, not knowing whether they be real or fancied, and wakes with a start to find them part of a tempest before which his house is falling, before which he himself must fly from shelter into the wilds. The White Road he knew now to be indeed a road, a place where the spirit could travel: for both body and soul the way of his life lay westward. And the voice was indeed a voice, and for him as for all others who hear it, nothing remained but to leave all and follow, though in following he must walk, like Peter, upon the waters. And as though to confirm his resolution, circumstances so shaped themselves for him as to make the task of following easy and natural. For his father,

who was still in his prime, took to himself another wife, and Stephen's presence at the farm was no longer necessary. So with a great heart he said farewell and passed one morning for the last time down the road of the gorge. And at Lisbon he found easy admittance into the noviceship of the Company, already a large place, and there as a lay-brother and assistant to the cook he found the prosaic end to the first stage of the journey.

It was the time when the Church was awakening from the sleep into which the opiate drug of prosperity had cast her, awakening as one who has lain down among loving friends and children, lulled by soft voices, guarded by strong arms, soothed by a thousand filial professions, and awakes to find all these departed and instead fierce enemies and daggers raised to strike. New blood was coursing in the old veins of Catholicism, new words of prayer and supplication were forming on the old lips, a very tempest of pity and anger swelled in the heart that men thought shrivelled and dead. Into the midst of this wonderful movement Stephen now found himself suddenly plunged; his teachers and companions were the men who fanned its quickening breath, the followers of that fierce Spaniard whose fervid soul had done so much to enkindle it. He found himself among men who had set out to scale the mountain of God, not blindly or in haste, but warily and with science, like a company of Alpine climbers.

In the beginning it was a sore trial to him to learn that he must leave the matter of his journeying to the determination of others, that he must submit, if need be, to pass long years of toil in the hot kitchen at Lisbon and perhaps rest at last untravelling in the graveyard in the corner of the garden. Stephen's face grew thin and sharp and his jaw hard and rigid as the tedium of the life began to tell upon him, as one after another the days dawned dark and colourless, leaden beads hiding the thread of gold. He longed for the country and its great airs, for the homely sights and sounds of the farm, for the life of the village, its gossip and kindly laughter. And this longing, so pitifully human and innocent, he must stifle and kill as traitorous and unholy. And after all, it might be, he would never travel the White Road, never get beyond the kitchen at Lisbon.

Yet all the while, guided by wise men, he was climbing up the mountain of God, finding at every step the world below grow smaller and smaller. Yet even this progress was not

unattended with trial, for he soon became possessed with an apostolical desire to go back and tell the people below how small they were, how insignificant their cities, over what petty concerns their trafficking. He longed to go with a great voice and bid them lift up their eyes to the mountains where lay the footprints of the feet of Christ. Yet when, in a humble way, this work was given him, and he was sent to teach the catechism to children and poor people, though his heart was burning the words came very slowly, and he found that the boys on the back benches were cracking nuts.

Altogether these early days were a time of gloom and disappointment, yet they had their consolation. For the house of the Company in Lisbon stood high (it had once been the palace of a great noble of Portugal) and behind the house was a garden, and from one spot in the garden a distant view of the sea. Over a wall of foliage, green and bronze, a thin strip could be seen a long way off, but enough to show the trail of the White Road, brimming there, enough to keep alive the wonder and the longing in his heart. And it was here that one evening in summer when the sky was a blazing glory through which it seemed angels descended and churned the sea to fire above the line of black trees, that he learnt more of the meaning of the road and of the journey upon which he had started.

He was feeling a traveller and at peace, as he always did when in presence of the sea, when the Master of Novices came up to him and with him one of the novices. Stephen was always fond of the novices, because their souls were white and full of fire, and fire and whiteness were the things he loved beyond all others for the sake of the road. In the kitchen Stephen had been given charge of the novices when they came to work there, for the Fathers had soon learnt that he was strong and patient and could be trusted. And in this particular novice he had a special interest because he had failed once very badly when trying to preach a sermon before the whole community. Some had been rather hard upon him and prophesied ill of his future, but not so Stephen, who remembered his own desolating discovery of nutshells.

"Here is this Brother of ours," said the Master to Stephen, jestingly, "who tells me he wants a voice like the sunset and like the thunder and like clouds driven across the sky wherewith to preach the Gospel. Brother, what shall we say to such ambition?"

Stephen smiled gravely at the Master and at the novice beside him.

"Let him pray for such a voice, Reverend Father," he answered, after a pause. "God, who has given it to others, may give it to him also."

"And to whom has God given it?" asked the Master, a wise man and a seeker after wisdom.

Stephen looked up to the line of fire above the trees where the angels were dancing, and saw the answer there quite plainly, and saw that words had been given him beyond his understanding.

"Ah, surely the martyrs of God had that voice," he said, seeing the thing so clearly that he felt impatient.

The novice looked at him with big eyes of admiration. "Father," he said, all aglow with joy, "you told me just now that to spend a life teaching boys their grammar, or to spend it cutting up onions in the kitchen, was a better way to preach Christ our Lord than to cry to the world of Him with a voice like thunder. But is not this the best way of all? It is good to teach boys, and it is good to cut up onions for Christ's sake, but I think it is better still to die for Him, and to speak of Him to men in our blood."

The Master, too, was now looking at the gold line above the trees. "That also is good, and the greatest of all," he said, "yet that too is insufficient. For it is part of our trial here that we are given to know more than we can ever find means to utter. Christ, our most Blessed Master, taught and preached, and in the end He died upon the cross. Yet, even dying, he could not utter all, but left it to His Holy One to teach us. Yet when the voices of all who have striven to speak the unspeakable word come together, the voice of the martyrs is the greatest voice and rings the loudest and truest. Blessed and thrice blessed are they to whom God gives the grace to utter it."

Three of them stood there, and two of them knew with a sudden illumination that that gift was to be theirs. And Stephen, knowing now that he would die upon the White Road, knew also that he would not die alone. There would be others with him, how many he did not know, but this Brother would be one of them. A solemn joy sprang up in his heart as he saw how deep and strong and splendid is the love of spirits, as the truth dawned for him that there is companionship in

the presence of God. He never spoke to the novice of the matter, words were too heavy and thick for such a thing of fire, yet he was conscious of the bond which held them together, conscious of it as a reality of the same order as the White Road and the calling of the sea. And he thought of the novice not as a young man in a black gown, but as a spirit who was at his side as they trod together through fire, trampling it under foot triumphantly, bursting swelling seas of fire, white fire that clomb and leaped about them yet could not stay their progress. The Master of Novices, to whom he revealed everything, would only tell him to pray always and to be very humble.

And indeed he found it easy to be humble in the days that followed. He moved among his brethren gently and with gladness, doubt and weariness no longer vexing him. At the thought of what was to come his soul was quieted and grew still, as a man who had come suddenly to the edge of an unfathomable precipice, and gazed with awe into the depths at his feet. In a thousand ways he found in the things around him foreshadowings; the dull glow of the fire reflected in the bricks of the kitchen floor, the flicker of flames upon the beams and metal work, the play of sunbeams on the white walls outside, had all a meaning which was sometimes awful and sometimes sheer love. Yet his work as cook was as well done as it had ever been; he was too good a Jesuit to regard illumination as a sufficient substitute for cleaning vegetables.

Nevertheless, as in the Eastern story of the man whose angelic visitors became known by the light from them streaming through the curtains of his tent, so Stephen, in spite of his efforts to avoid singularity, was unable to do so altogether. For besides the new symbolism he found in outside things, his outlook upon life became changed in other ways, so that matters which before had seemed trivial now had for him a great and tragic meaning. For example, that bitterness and hatred should exist between man and man seemed to him now beyond all things dreadful, and—a thing that in the beginning troubled him not a little—his eyes would fill with tears and his breast heave at the sight of anger and uncharity. But after a while he ceased to be ashamed of these tears, feeling that they did no dishonour to his manhood, learning that there are tears of strength as well as of weakness, that only a strong heart can break. And once seeing in the street two men quarrelling, he thrust between them and pushed them apart, saying nothing,

only looking at them through his tears. And they slunk away abashed, their anger quenched and gone before those tears. One who was with Stephen and loved him, remembered that scene to his dying day.

His brethren in the house began to look upon him with no little veneration, and to speak of him among themselves as a saint. But he himself found in these matters only a reason for supposing that his hour was near, that at any moment the messenger might arrive who should summon him to start on his journey. And now that he had ceased to be impatient, the messenger was not slow in coming.

It was announced one day that they would soon have as visitor at Lisbon a priest whom all desired to see, a man whose fame for sanctity had spread far and wide through Portugal, Father Ignatius of the noble house of Azevedo, once Rector of the College of Lisbon, now head of all the Missions of the Company in Brazil. Rumour said that he had come from the New World to seek helpers in Europe, that he had a commission from the Pope and from the Father General to ask for volunteers from all the Provinces of the Order. In the kitchen they told stories of his miracles, of his charity and penance, of his great love of the Blessed Mother of God. He had been in the house a whole day before Stephen saw him.

In the evening he spoke to the whole community, who were gathered in the garden to meet him. Stephen, tall and grave, stood waiting in his place among the lay-brothers; the Fathers formed the centre group, the novices were on the other side. In the strong light of the evening their faces glared white above their black gowns. It was not a gentle evening, for the day had been thunderous, and in the west the low black clouds seemed pressing out great spouts of light upon the darkening world. And this wild light caught the faces of the community as they stood there patiently waiting, and caught the face of the Saint as presently with the Rector he came out from the house. In a moment Stephen was back again by the crucifix in the gorge, and learning for the first time the meaning of the road. For the face he saw now was the same that had looked so strangely on him there. The strange priest was Father Azevedo, and he knew that his hour had come.

Quietly and deliberately the missionary began to tell them the object of his visit. He spoke of the people sitting in darkness as one who had dwelt among them; he told of the

horrors committed under the solemn domes of the great primeval forest, where cannibals dishonoured humanity in the cruel flickering firelight. And while his hearers shuddered at his words he turned almost fiercely to defend these savages, calling them our brothers who feel like us the thirst for God, but have not like us the water of truth wherewith to quench it. "And they have drunk of the bitter waters," he cried, "the waters of paganism that drive men mad." And he pleaded for help to deliver them, pleaded long and passionately as a man whose heart was wounded. Then while that company of grave men lit up with answering enthusiasm, so that they instinctively moved a little way towards him, he turned and forbade them, seeming to trample brutally upon their zeal. "For the chalice is exceeding bitter," he cried, "the chalice is exceeding bitter; let no one think of himself to say *possumus*—'we can.'" He would not hear of any one offering himself then and there for the work. Only on the morrow and after earnest prayer let those who felt called to it come forward.

That night was a landmark in the life of Stephen Zuraire. For as on the evening in the gorge the words of Father Azevedo had seemed to come in a manner out of the sky as a part of the luminous evening, so also on this occasion. For the troubled thunder-clouds and the fierce darting lights seemed to echo his cry of the bitter chalice, and the west had lost its white rippling serenity and become all fire and gloom. As night fell, huge thunder-clouds came rolling in from the sea, and presently a great storm broke over Lisbon. In the shuddering pause between the clamour of each peal he heard again and again the cry that the chalice is exceeding bitter, heard it so clearly and distinctly that the sky seemed to become human, and he realized with awe that there may be agonies and strivings in the soul as tremendous as the striving of the elements. It seemed that for the first time he was learning to think nobly of humanity, to understand for what manner of being it was that Christ died, and was ashamed that in spite of faith and illumination his picture of man had been drawn with lines so faint and mean; so much of the pigmy, so little of the God. That warring midnight sky transfigured humanity for him, and he understood how it might be that God should delight to dwell with the children of men. He rejoiced to think of the kingly lot that awaited him, thrilled with joy to think that he might die to do some service for this splendid, pitiful friend of God.

This joy grew triumphant as the storm sank, and the sky opened deep and holy with stars. And, as often happens in moments of great exultation, a verse from the Psalmist, that great singer by the sea of God, came and unloosened his tongue, and flooded his soul with its music.

"He raiseth up the poor man from the earth. He lifteth the poor man from the dunghill.

"He maketh him to sit at meat with Princes. Even with the Princes of His People."

Beyond the White Road, beyond the portals of fire to which it led, stood for him now until the end the waiting Princes, beings of untold love and untold glory, the Princes of His People.

In the morning Stephen, with a group of others who wished to volunteer, assembled before Father Azevedo, and went forward one by one to offer themselves. The lay-brothers came last, and Stephen saw the novice placed among those to whom a provisional acceptance had been accorded. When his own turn came the face of the priest lighted up with a smile of recognition.

"You must in any case let me have this Brother, Father Rector," he said. "I know him of old for a good missionary." Stephen was surprised to find himself smiling back as into the eyes of an old friend.

III.

Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms, their triumphal crown.
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud into the face of death
Their great Lord's glorious name.

Crashaw.

There lies not far from Lisbon a solitary place called in the language of the country *El Val da Rosal*, a place closed in with hills, looking towards the valley of the Tagus. To this place Ignatius Azevedo led his companions when he had completed his tour, and there for seven months they remained in retirement, waiting until the time arrived for them to sail. Memories of that seven months' sojourn lingered for years in the minds of the country people, and the cross on the top of one of the hills, to which they went for prayer every evening at sunset, is to this day known as the martyrs' cross. By the simple

peasants the men in dark gowns whom they saw moving about the low white house in the valley, chopping wood, drawing water, working at manual crafts, were venerated as saints when the object of their mission became known. And of all memories treasured and recalled when they had gone, that of the sight of them at nightfall winding up the hill to their cross, and of their forms breaking the great sky-line against the crimson west remained the most vivid. Down in the valley the voices of the martyrs as they sang on the hill could be heard quite distinctly through the still evening, and when all had come to pass the symbolism, half-guessed at at the time, stood clearly revealed, and the place became sacred for evermore.

To Stephen Zuraire the time was one radiant with happiness of a new and solemn sort, a happiness of which he had already had a glimpse, born of fellowship in a great matter. For though differing greatly in character and in nationality, the members of the band were one in a manner not easily realized, and this unity of purpose grew in meaning and in intensity as the days passed by. It changed from a desire to bring aid to those in need, into a vast and terrible longing to die for men. And with the longing came the assurance that it should be so. Not to Stephen only had the fate in store for them been clearly shown; we know, from the chance utterances of many of his companions, that their vision in that matter was quite as clear as his. In the Val da Rosal they dwelt together, separated from mankind, but in the world of souls a vaster barrier divided them from their kind, they stood apart as a band devoted to sacrifice, each learning to read upon the brow of his fellow the mark of doom. Little by little it came to all of them—to some earlier, to others not until the very end—this consciousness that they must die. Thus they became a company bound together by no common bond, a company set apart for death, sitting, as it were, in the evening in a quiet room, waiting for the sound of the footfall in the passage, waiting for death with linked hands, whose clasp was a more sacred bond of brotherhood than we can understand.

This sense of separation, this assurance of a peculiar destiny, was in no way disturbed when the time for embarkation at length arrived. They were to sail under the protection of the new Governor of Brazil, Don Louis da Vasconcellos, and the scene of departure in the glorious river of Lisbon was a very brilliant one. The great galleons with their gilded pillars

and carved majestical prows swung slowly down the river to the chiding of silver trumpets, while from the city behind them a thousand steeples crashed an imperial farewell. Yet amid all the splendour the martyrs remained a group apart, for this pageant of sound and colour was not regal enough to match the glory of the thoughts that God had given them, and in their hearts there sounded a carillon which put the tumult of the bells to shame. For whoso has gazed upon the pageants of the cross can never again deem gold and scarlet fitting vesture for the dignity of man.

The larger number of the missionaries sailed in a merchant vessel called the *St. James*, a portion of which had been chartered for their use. A few, however, for whom there was no room, sailed in the flagship, being specially invited by Don Louis, a nobleman of great virtue and piety. But alike in the *St. James*, where their cabins under the prow were boarded off, and in the flagship, where they formed part of a brilliant crowd of officers and gentlemen, they led their life apart as completely as though they were still in the house in the valley by the Tagus.

Stephen Zuraire sailed with Father Ignatius in the *St. James*, and had a tiny cabin with a window peeping out from under one of the great, gilded arms of the figure-head of the Saint, and looked out from it upon the White Road as one who was at last a wayfarer upon it. This window was so small that for the most part all he could see from it was a tiny patch of heaving water across which now and then a gull would skim, or the prow of one of the ships come see-sawing up and down. But when the weather was rougher, and the *St. James* swung to the great Atlantic rollers, the tiny outlook produced a very curious effect, and one that pleased him so much that he would sometimes remain there watching when he might have been up on deck. For as the bow of the vessel rose to meet the waves, the line of sight flew upwards, tracing a path across the waters, and on reaching the horizon passed from sea to sky. The effect of this was particularly striking in the evening, when, since the fleet was headed almost due west, the path traced was that of the dying sun upon the waters, and the watcher found himself for a moment plunged full into the glare of its burning heart. This rapid flight upward into space and light brought back to Stephen with strange vividness all those thoughts of the White Road to God which he had once considered so fanciful, yet which had so strangely controlled

and influenced his life. He remembered as he lay there watching how he had once thought of his mother as passing in this way down the Road, and this wild antic of the sea brought her back to him in thought almost perpetually. He pleased himself with the fancy of a haven to which he would presently come, a haven far beyond the roaring storms of death, where she would be waiting for him radiant and at peace upon the shore, and would tell him perhaps that those strange callings had been part of her love reaching out and touching him from beyond the grave.

Though the missionaries dwelt apart in their own portion of the ship, they found opportunities in plenty of exercising charity towards their fellow-voyagers. They undertook, among other things, the task of preparing the food for the entire ship's company, passengers and crew, and thus contrived in a thousand ways to mitigate the hardships of the voyage. Over this work Stephen was set, and a number of the younger members of the band (a great many of them were still novices) were told off to serve under him as kitchen-boys. The readiness with which they undertook the task, the sight of them seated round the door of the galley busily at work with serious young faces, was declared by Father Azevedo to do more good than any of his sermons. For Stephen, these hours spent in the scorching little galley were some of the happiest he ever enjoyed. These young brothers of his, who revered him from the bottom of their hearts for his gift of tears, were very dear to him, and with them he could speak quite openly and simply of spiritual things, drawing homely illustrations from the work they had in hand, showing how good a work it was, and how nothing is too great or small to be gilded and made precious by love. And they in turn would tell him of their own thoughts of God and translate the passages they liked from the *Imitation*.

The influence of the missionaries soon became visible in the changed behaviour of the crew and passengers. A spirit of unwonted sobriety and even of devotion began to manifest itself. More than once Father Azevedo received applications from young men among the passengers to be admitted as members of his band, men on whom it had dawned that to be ordered about and to obey submissively might be the finest thing in life. One practice of his devising was especially popular, and the fame of it spread to the other ships of the fleet. Many of the missionaries were skilled musicians—they

used this art greatly in dealing with the savages—and at night they would gather on the high poop with their instruments of music and there sing together hymns of our Lady and litanies of their own composing, sometimes old songs of Portugal and Spain. Through the darkness the other ships of the fleet would be seen drawing in nearer to the *St. James*, their people all on deck and eager to hear; great wallowing monsters of the deep they seemed, as the phosphorescent water splashed heavily back from their bulging sides, great monsters of the deep drawn from their lairs by music. To many it seemed that the voices were more than earthly as they came borne across in the darkness; for no singer can make such sweet music as he whose heart is full of gladness, whose proper language it is. And the hearts of the missionaries at this time were flooded with joy as the sky with light.

The first stage of the voyage ended at Madeira, and thus far favouring winds and a gentle sea had made it unusually prosperous. For Stephen and his brethren it had been a time of great peace and consolation, a time when the darkness to come seemed yet a long way off. Yet the darkness surely awaited them, the sun that warmed them shone from beyond the darkness, they must pass through darkness into light. And no sooner had they reached the beautiful island than doubts and perplexities at once began to arise. For it was announced that Don Louis had determined to winter with his fleet at Madeira and to proceed the next season to Brazil, and the captain of the merchant ship *St. James*, who had a cargo for the neighbouring island of Las Palmas, declared his intention of proceeding upon his voyage alone. Father Azevedo had to decide whether he would remain in safety with the fleet or face the perils of an unprotected voyage in the *St. James*. The fleet was very crowded, there was no certainty of his finding room for all his men when it sailed the following spring, and in any case it would be impossible to keep his men together any longer, a thing very important when so many of them were very young. And yet the danger of proceeding unprotected was very great and terrible. For apart from the dangers of the sea there was always the danger from pirates to be reckoned with, and to the Portuguese of that age a pirate was a fiend rather than a man, a fiend of the sea whose cruelty often arose from the fact that he was a rebel against the old religion. And at this time the fierce Huguenot, Jacques Souris, was known to be cruising in

those waters, Souris who made it his boast that he had never yet spared monk or priest who fell into his hands.

He had certainly knowledge of the presence of the missionaries in Don Louis' fleet, and though with his few ships he dared not attack the great Portuguese squadron, he would turn aside to attack them should they venture to continue their voyage unprotected. Prudence seemed imperatively to forbid the venture, and the voice of prudence to one who has to answer for the lives of others must in general be decisive.

But Father Azevedo was one who walked with God and learnt secret things. Patiently his followers watched him as he poured out his soul in prayer for light, calmly and patiently, for they knew that he was above them on a watch-tower of the spirit and that presently his voice would come pealing down to them who waited, giving them full assurance of the course they were to follow.

It was on a Sunday morning; they had all heard Mass and received Communion from him in a church on the island, and he spoke to them. "Let us go hence," he said quite simply, "for God wills it so. But it may well be that we must die in going, and let each one think well if he be ready to die." There is this magic property in words that they may become of a sudden and without apparent reason transfigured and divine. In those words, "It may be we must die," the doors were flung open for those who had for so long waited. Across the sun-lit church glowing in ruby and gold, between them and their Father the gaunt spectre passed; they felt the cold and the shrinking and the horror near at hand. And a tragical thing; some of them were afraid and showed their fear in their faces. The Saint to save them made a reason for excepting them, and ordered that they should remain on the island.

So on a great morning when the quays were thronged with people who waved their hats and shouted, the *St. James* put out to sea, and with her sailed forty of the missionaries and among them Stephen Zuraire. Out to the high sea they sailed, the sea that lay before them all peace and restfulness, a great couch spread by God on whose blue mantle all the world might lie in peace and be rocked into slumber. Yet for him and for his fellows a couch within whose folds of silk a serpent lay concealed, of which the very beauty and softness made the thing more dreadful. Every day they must watch for the snake's head to come gliding towards them from among

the folds, knowing that when it came they must bear to be devoured.

They had almost reached Las Palmas, the port to which they were bound ; already its roofs and steeples could be seen, and the masts of the shipping that lay in its harbour, when the wind of a sudden changed and they were swept back along the coast. Here they landed and were for proceeding to the capital by land, a distance of some eight miles or so. And at Las Palmas the captain was determined now to wait until the next year and to proceed to Brazil under the protection of the fleet. For the missionaries at least the danger now seemed past.

They had landed and were already started on the journey, when the voice of their leader called them to return. For again he had seen the hand that beckoned, and heard the voice that called them back to the sea. And they smiled at one another gravely as men who understand but cannot explain, who know that there is a wisdom which seems folly to the world. And without a word they went on board again.

So they started on their eight miles' voyage who had passed so many hundred. And before it was accomplished the serpent they looked for came up from the sea and seized them. Five specks appeared on the horizon, before they could make the port, five dots that grew into ships, five prows before which the water curled back in a steady stream, and then the thunder of guns and the sickening quiver of the stricken ship. Stephen and his brethren knelt below in the cabin, being ordered to do so by their Father, who alone among them was a priest and remained on deck.

And that cabin was for them their Place of the Agony. For when at last the doors were torn open and the victors dragged them up on to the deck, the bitterness of death was passed. Huddled together in the gloom they waited while close above them overhead there sounded a terrible noise like the shuffling feet of dancers, and down one window of the cabin crept a red trickle very slowly, pausing and darting forward like a living thing. There they knelt and obeyed and suffered their agony, alone in the gloom amid the tumult of the battle, striving while the sweat poured off their brows, to stifle the longing for light and the sky. And one, a novice, spoke a word that comforted them all greatly, for he said that perhaps God would bring about as a fruit of their death salvation of their

murderers, and that in Heaven they would all be glad together. Stephen thought of the gold for which he had been so long a patient seeker, and that now by a little endurance he might surely win some store.

So there was triumph in his eyes, and in the eyes of all of them when at last they were dragged upon deck, and the thought of the fierce pain of wounds was a joy. And there one by one they were hewn down and cast into the sea. When the sun set that night they lay upon the White Road, dead, little black specks upon the trail of glory washed to and fro by the waves, seeming men who had walked too eagerly towards the flaming ramparts of the world, and been stricken down in their presumption.

But far away in Spain there was one who numbered a kinsman among the band, and she in the spirit looked forth that night over the White Road, and saw a great company clad in brightness rising from the waves with a thunder of jubilation. In the vision of St. Teresa of Jesus, "for angelical height of speculation more than a woman," in the word of our Lord the Pope, who has numbered them among the blessed, we find confirmation of our faith that they reached and overpassed the flaming ramparts, and are seated with the Princes of God in the Glory of God.

Thus have we imagined the story of the Blessed Stephen Zuraire, venturing, it may be with presumption, into a holy place. Yet their human story is the only way by which to travel to the blessed in Heaven, and when history fails we cannot think that we offend if, like children, we make believe. And there is a reason why this story of these martyrs should be told in English, for men in this island have judged them and their race very harshly, throwing stones freely whose own house was somewhat brittle. Yet in the self-sacrifice of the Latin missionaries we find alone the light which saves the story of the entrance of Europe upon her inheritance in the West from being altogether sordid. The pirate-patriots who fill so large a space in the annals of our own land, religious though they often were, are but sorry candles to place beside these suns. The day may come when in England we shall feel shame to remember that the brothers of such men were traitors by our statute law and died in torture upon Tyburn Tree.

RHYS PRYCE.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Child and Religion.

IN the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Havelock Ellis has an article on "The Child and Religion," which should not escape the notice of Catholics now that there is such a determined movement for depriving our poor children of their Catholic schools. Mr. Havelock Ellis starts from the convenient sophism, so popular with our modern Gallios, that, whilst "the disedifying wrangle between Church and Chapel, between religion and scepticism" goes on, the interests of the children (and also, he adds, the "interests of religion") are being sacrificed; and he claims that the settlement of the question should be taken out of the hands of these people, and given to others less disinterested and more competent.

The first place here [he says] belongs to the psychologist who is building up the already extensive edifice of knowledge concerning the real nature of the child and the contents and growth of the youthful mind, and to the practical teacher who is in touch with that knowledge and can bring it to the test of actual experience.

Well, Mr. Havelock Ellis—to judge from his record as given in *Who's Who*—has some claims to a hearing, as a psychologist and practical teacher. So let us hear what he has to communicate on the present subject.

He begins with an account of the intellectual processes of the child mind and brings together some interesting statistics. Thus, "of forty-eight children," says Stanley Hall, "twenty believed the sun, moon, and stars to live, sixteen thought flowers could feel, and fifteen that dolls would feel pain if burnt;" and so on. As one reads the list of instances of which this is a specimen, and judges it by the experience, personal and derived, one is able to command, one cannot help thinking that the children experimented on for these statistics must have been mostly neglected children, or else that the experimenters insufficiently realized what a child means by "supposing." However, it is not on this part of the *Nineteenth Century* article

that we wish to comment. Coming to the impression made on the child by religious instruction the author writes as follows :

Now a few of the ideas of religion are assimilable by the child, and notably the idea of God as the direct agent in cosmic phenomena ; some of the childish notions I have quoted illustrate the facility with which the child adopts this idea. He adopts, that is, what may be called the hard precise skeleton of the idea, and imagines a colossal magician, of anthropomorphic (if not paidormorphic) nature, whose operations are curious, though they usually fail to arouse any mysterious reverence or awe for the agent. [This, too, sounds more like the psychology of a neglected than of a well-brought-up child.] But for the most part the ideas of religion cannot be accepted or assimilated by children ; they were not made by children or for children, but represent the feelings, thoughts, and experiences of men, and sometimes even of very exceptional and abnormal men. The child who grows devout and becomes anxious about the state of his soul is a morbid and unwholesome child ; if he prefers praying for the conversion of his playfellows to joining them in their games, he is not so much an example of piety as a pathological case whose future must be viewed with anxiety ; and to preach religious duties to children is exactly the same, it has been well said [or rather shockingly ill said] as to exhort them to imagine themselves married people, and to inculcate on them the duties of that relation. Fortunately the normal child is usually able to resist these influences. It is the healthy child's impulse either to let them fall with indifference or to apply to them the instrument of his unmerciful logic.

In illustration of this last remark, about the child's unmerciful logic, Mr. Ellis tells of an amiable old clergyman who told the children of his school that David was a man after God's own heart, but was nonplussed when one of them asked, "What about Uriah's wife?" One does not see why he should have been nonplussed. Had he replied, "Yes, that was indeed a wicked sin, but he was very sorry for it, and that was what God loved in him," the child would have readily understood and accepted the answer ; and its religion would have benefited, not have suffered, from the incident, as according to Mr. Ellis happened in the actual case. But the general conclusion he draws is that children, being called upon to learn and believe what they cannot understand and assimilate, they acquire a distaste for religious teaching which has injurious results.

Of all school subjects, religion thus tends to be the least attractive. Lobsien at Kiel found, a few years since, in the course of a psychological investigation, that when 500 children, between the ages of nine and fourteen, were asked what was their favourite lesson hour, only twelve (ten girls and two boys) named the religious lesson.

And, though no similar statistics are available for this country, Mr. Ellis is confident that, if taken, they would tell the same tale. This in itself, he urges, is an injurious result, but it might be pleaded that it was good for the children to have to bear with the irksomeness of the religious lesson in view of the after-benefits to be derived from it. He contends, however, that the real effect is to disgust children with religion so effectually that in after-life they can find no relish in it.

The usual effect of constantly imparting to children an instruction they are not yet ready to receive is to deaden their sensibilities to the whole subject of religion. . . . So far from preparing the way for a more genuine development of religious impulse later on, this precocious instruction is just adequate to act as an inoculation against deeper and more serious religious interests. The commonplace child in later life accepts the religion it has been inured to so early as part of the conventional routine of life. The more vigorous and original child shakes it off, perhaps for ever.

His remedy for this alleged evil is that the religious instruction of the child should be deferred till the age of puberty.

That period [he says], really and psychologically, marks a new birth. Emotions which are of fundamental importance, not only for the individual's personal life, but for his social and even cosmic relationships, are for the first time born. Not only is the child's body remoulded in the form of a man or a woman, but the child-soul becomes a man-soul or woman-soul, and nothing can possibly be as it has been before. The daringly sceptical logician has gone, and so has the imaginative dreamer for whom the world was the automatic magnifying mirror of his own childish form and environment. It has been revealed to him that there are independent personal and impersonal forces outside himself with which he may come into a conscious and fascinatingly exciting relationship. It is a revelation of supreme importance, and with it comes not only the complexly emotional and intellectual realization of personality, but the aptitude to enter into and assimilate the traditions of the race.

At this time of life, then, he would have the child introduced for the first time to the mysteries of religion, nor does he hesitate to call this introduction an initiation, and to correlate it with the processes of initiation to which children are admitted among the pagan tribes, or were in the case of the Eleusinian mysteries among the Greeks. Indeed he does not hesitate to assert—needless to say, without any sufficient foundation in fact—that this was the usage among the early Christians, the rite of Baptism being then employed

as part of such a process of initiation, and on this account delayed till the growth of years rendered it feasible. Accordingly, anticipating the near approach of the time when no religious instruction of any kind whatever will be tolerated in the State-supported schools, he recommends to the Christian Churches a return to this supposed ancient method.

There can be little doubt that before many years have passed, in England as elsewhere, the Churches will have to face the question of the best methods of themselves undertaking that task of religious training which they have sought to foist upon the State. If they are to fulfil this duty in a wise and effectual manner, they must follow the guidance of biological psychology at the point where it is at one with the teaching of their own most ancient traditions, and develop the merely formal rite of confirmation into a true initiation of the new-born soul at puberty into the deepest secrets of life and the highest mysteries of religion.

It is due to Mr. Ellis to acknowledge that he offers a similar counsel to the secularist, and propounds a general principle which he thinks (though erroneously, for secularism is on the side of negation) would affect all alike.

If the view here set forth is sound—a view more and more widely held by educationalists and by psychologists trained in biology—the first twelve years must be left untouched by all conceptions of life and the world which transcend immediate experience, for the child whose spiritual virginity has been prematurely tainted will never be able to awake afresh to the full significance of those conceptions when the age of religion arrives.

Such is the plan for the religious education of children which commends itself to these psychologists and practical teachers, but with due deference to Mr. Ellis, the Catholic Church—it is for her only that we wish to speak now—is herself a psychologist and practical teacher, who may claim to know vastly more about the religious sense and the religious aptitudes of the young than this newly-born group of experimenters on child life can know. And her verdict is in every particular—as expressed by generations of pastors, parents, and teachers that she has raised up since she began to be—flatly the opposite of what Mr. Ellis gives to the world. Indeed, the wonder of Catholic pastors, parents, and teachers, as they read Mr. Ellis's article will be as to where and how he can have taken observations so absolutely inconsistent with facts which to their knowledge are as clear and indisputable as the sun in the

heavens. The child, according to their consentient experience, is not only not unable to assimilate and accept in any real sense a religious creed with its practices, but has a special aptitude to assimilate and accept them; it finds them so natural and intelligible, so exactly what its mind and heart postulate as their suitable food; and, as a result, it takes the whole in with a freshness which is most sweet to see, and of which, if one has had the happiness of a Christian childhood, the remembrance is an abiding grace.

If we wish to affect a person, and (if so be) humble him, what can we do better than appeal to the memory of times past, and above all to his childhood! Then it was that he came out of the hands of God, with all the lessons and thoughts of Heaven freshly marked upon him. . . . This we know full well—we know it from our own recollection of ourselves and our experience of children—that there is in the infant soul, in the first years of its regenerate state, a discernment of the unseen world in the things that are seen, a realization of what is Sovereign and Adorable, and an incredulity and ignorance about what is transient and changeable, which marks it as the fit emblem of the matured Christian, when weaned from things temporal, and living in the intimate conviction of the Divine Presence.

So speaks Cardinal Newman in his sermon on the *Minds of Little Children*. It was written in his Anglican days, and told of his experience of Protestant children; but what it claims, or rather records, goes far beyond the limits of Mr. Havelock Ellis's acknowledgment—that "a few of the ideas of religion are assimilable by the child"—for it includes such truths as that our Lord Jesus Christ is God and Man, that He died on the Cross for us, that He offers us forgiveness of sins, that He hears our prayers and answers them, that He will reward us or punish us according as we die in grace or in sin, and so on. Moreover, we can all of us, who have had anything to do with Catholic children, testify that Newman's words are inclusively applicable, and specially applicable, to the child's appreciation and acceptance of the full range of Catholic doctrines and practices. In the *Memorials of Serjeant Bellasis* there is an interesting account of a conversation between the Serjeant and Mr. Hope Scott on the eve of their conversion to Catholicism. Serjeant Bellasis had said he "had no belief in the efficacy of teaching children religion in general, but to be useful it must be *specific*, and that in the Church of England it was impossible to teach children anything specific on many most important subjects." Mr. Hope Scott replied that "in practice there was no difficulty

in children becoming Catholics ; that there was something that accommodated itself wonderfully to their innocent minds ; Mrs. Bowden's children lapped it up at once like milk." Catholic teachers generally will agree that that is the very word for it. Children lap up like milk the doctrines of the Church, of the Real Presence, of Confession and Communion, of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, of prayers for the dead, of gaining Indulgences—these, and the allied practices. Of course all children are not equally religious ; of course these truths must be set before them in language accommodated to their age and its modes of thought ; and their devotions must be adapted to a child's temperament, not too long, not too heavy, not too abstract ; of course children are not to be troubled with the subtle discussions of deeper inquiry, but should have the truths put before them as facts, or at least as facts supported by such simple proofs as they can take in ; of course religious instruction lessons may be given at times in an unsuitable manner, and besides, it is a mistake to identify the entire religious training of the child with formal religious instruction lessons which are only one element in it, and not the most important. But when allowance has been made for all these sets-off, the broad fact remains that child nature is proved, by a breadth and depth of experience placing the fact beyond reasonable doubt, to have a special capacity for assimilating the Christian religion, particularly in its Catholic form. And as for the idea of a religious-minded child, that cares about its soul and that of its companion, being a morbid and unwholesome child, that is altogether too absurd. Or, rather, would be, were it not so evident that the specimens before Mr. Havelock Ellis's eyes are of unhappy children, like Wesley's Kingswood children, who had been harassed by a fearful application of the Lutheran doctrine of total depravity ; just as his specimens of children who dislike religious lessons and exercises appear to be drawn from the unhappy victims of "undenominational" religious teaching, a teaching which seems to aim at excluding just the two things in religion that render it assimilable by a child, namely, definiteness, and a living association with worship and conduct. No, indeed, we must turn the tables on Mr. Ellis, when he tells us how for him a pious child is a morbid and unwholesome child, and tell him that for us who know what a pious Catholic child can be—so fresh, so bright, so free-hearted, so natural in its spirituality—a child without religion such as he admires, is like a child with a club-foot or weak mind, only more afflicted.

But the worst of it is, that, unless we can succeed in warding off the present attack on our schools, our own children will become the victims of these faddists and their methods. The Cliffordites may think they are going to force their own invertebrate religious teaching on all the State schools. They may succeed for a time, but they are much mistaken if they look for the endurance of such a system. The only lasting alternative to the present system will prove to be a purely secular system, that is, a system of schools in which no religious teaching of any sort is given, and the teachers may be religious, or indifferent, or anti-religious, just as it happens. It will be then that the race of psychologists of whom Mr. Havelock Ellis is a specimen, will come into power and seek to carry out their theories. We shall see to it even then, no doubt, that our children, from their earliest years, learn as much as we can teach them of their religion outside the schoolroom, but the influence of the secularist schoolroom will not be lost on them; nor can we better express what it will be than by taking over Mr. Havelock Ellis's own words—the child's "spiritual virginity will be prematurely tainted."

S.F.S.

A Penny Catechism.

England seems to display her emotions, patriotic or political, in a manner tending more and more to what we have hitherto considered Continental. Instances are many: Mafeking night: certain "Chinese" processions during the last elections. Who is ignorant of the *provenance* (let us float with the stream) of the placards which disfigured London during the last L. C. C. elections?

And here, as long since abroad, the Socialist battalions are, curiously enough, adopting weapons we had thought monopolized. Socialist hymns are sung in Socialist "Sunday-schools," and at "Labour Churches." "No saviour from on high delivers, No trust have we in prince or peer," is their doctrine; the "Red Flag" is their symbol, though we had thought compulsory odes to the Union Jack, on Empire Day, were novelty enough. Above all, catechisms are being evolved—Sir Oliver Lodge's Scientist's Catechism is perhaps a more dignified example; a definitely irreligious catechism was that used at Hammersmith during the elections mentioned.

In Belgium, Christians are fighting with their old weapons, but deliberately refashioned for modern usage.

The *Catéchisme de l'Ouvrier Syndiqué*¹ is an attempt to give the working-man a skeleton of the true social doctrine he should hold, and to furnish him with a ready and comprehensive answer to questions daily put to him. Its first part is a *résumé* of grievances past and present of the working-man, their causes, and what since 1886 the Belgian Catholic Government has done for their alleviation. The Workshop Act, *e.g.*, of 1896, of Sunday Rest, 1905, are two of a selection of nine Laws quoted. The flaws in Continental Socialism are then indicated: its chaotic and contradictory principles: its frequent connection with political intrigue: its definitely anti-religious orientation.²

The theory of the *Syndicat Chrétien* is then put forward.

Q. What is a working-man's Syndicate?

R. It is an association of working-men of the same profession for the study and defence of their economic or professional interests.

The *Syndicat* thus appears not dissimilar, after all, from our Trades Unions. It promotes solidarity, mutual aid, defence of professional interests; it institutes savings' banks, registry offices; it arranges for pensions and insurances. It will directly influence legislation. It will itself be legalized, its accounts and papers being submitted to State inspection, a great bulwark of fair play. It would seem too, that regular *study* of social and professional questions, that reading-rooms, lectures, are the special care of the *Syndicat*. Here it goes beyond Trades Unions, as in its erection of schools and workshops for its apprentice members.

Q. What advantages from the point of view of instruction will the working-men get from the Syndicates?

R. The Syndicates give the working-men an opportunity of *studying in common* all questions relevant to their trade. The trained and intelligent working-men who will head the Syndicate will work hard to give sound notions to their mates. The Syndicate will organize *courses of lectures* to treat of the juridical, economical, and professional questions which interest the working-man. The *Journal Professionnel* will continue the work of the lectures and keep the members of the Syndicates up to date in all important professional points. Finally, the Syndicate will sometimes open workshops for apprentices and professional schools.

The *Syndicat Chrétien* is fain to achieve all this; but founded as it is on principles of religion, family, property, wholly differing in its view of the strife between classes, it is wholly separated from those Socialist Syndicates into which, did it not

¹ *Secrétariat Général des Unions Professionnelles Chrétiennes*. Gand: 32, Rue de la Caverne, 1907.

² P. 6.

exist, there would be so strong a temptation to enter. It separates itself no less definitely, as is pointed out, from M. Biétry's *Syndicats Jaunes*, "Christian" though they name themselves, nor will it even co-operate with them, save on purely political grounds, at a crisis.

Questions 21 seqq., deal fully with the relations (and even existence) of employers, skilled and unskilled labourers. R. 30 points the necessity of co-operation; "[Individual working-men] are unable to go long without work, and are not well enough equipped to discuss its conditions with employers [which R. 29 has asserted to be their duty];" 'If you are discontented, go elsewhere,' is the answer they meet with. R. 32 explains the Syndicate Bank, which (R. 33) renders possible *strikes*, understood, not in the socialistic sense as an act of war against the employers, but "a natural economic operation."

That such syndicates may be, and have been formed can be seen in Germany, where they count 250,000 members; in Austria, Italy, and Holland. In Belgium they are grouped in sixteen national federations directed by the *Secrétariat Général des Unions Professionnelles Chrétiennes* which, under the guidance of R. P. Rutten, O.P., gives the *Syndicats* all necessary documents, information, and advice. Thus they are legalized, and are also under the ægis of the Church, and yet by no means directed by the parish priest, though often he is consulted, and is generally a member of the council.

We do not suggest that either this Catechism or the remedy it prescribes be reproduced in England. The Socratic method has always been annoying—it proved fatal to its originator—and applied in the dogmatic skeleton of the question and answer of the Catechism it may be exasperating. Christian Syndicates again may be impossible with us. Still, to use the forcible expression of a priest in a northern mining town, Catholic working-men there are "dropping off like flies" into the Socialistic clubs which welcome, bewilder, and pervert them. The output of Socialist cheap literature is enormous. The *Clarion* by itself attains a circulation of 75,000 weekly. The Catholic Truth Society has made a noticeable beginning of literature recognizing these facts, and has papers by Mr. W. S. Lilly, Abbots Gasquet and Snow, Father Joseph Rickaby, and others. But do we not need more and cheaper and more popular pages, dealing, too, more closely with actual and definite problems?

A. T.

Reviews.

I.—THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.¹

THE projectors and editors of the new *Catholic Encyclopædia* may be heartily congratulated on the appearance of the first volume of this great work, which fully realizes the anticipations formed of it. Typographically the effect is entirely pleasing, the binding leaves an impression of solidity, the volume is not too cumbersome for ready use, the illustrations, without constituting a conspicuous feature of the book, are sufficient to brighten the closely-printed pages, and the maps convey a suggestion of practical utility which appeals to everybody. Last, but not least, a good many sensitive people on this side of the water will notice with joy that the spelling, with the rarest exceptions, is the spelling to which they are accustomed. *Colour*, and *centre*, and *traveller* are maintained throughout—a mark of kindly consideration for English prejudices, for which we must express appreciative gratitude. Neither is this favourable impression impaired when we turn from these externals to scrutinize the contents. Most readers, when first a book of reference of this miscellaneous character is put into their hands, will probably have their attention caught, as they turn rapidly over the pages, by the names signed at the foot of the various articles. In a book printed on the other side of the Atlantic it is only reasonable to expect that many of these names will be unfamiliar to English readers. None the less, our surprise has rather been to find how many are well-known, and known as those of writers who are absolutely competent in the subjects of which they treat. A certain proportion of the articles are written by foreigners. By the side of some slighter contributions from scholars as well known as Mgr. Batiffol, L. Ehrhard, and Paul Lejay, we find that a considerable number of subjects of importance

¹ *The Catholic Encyclopedia, an international work of reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church.* Edited by C. G. Herbermann, Ph.D., Edw. A. Pace, D.D., Condé B. Pallen, LL.D., T. J. Shahan, D.D., and J. Wynne, S.J. In 15 vols. Vol. I. New York: Robert Appleton and Co. 1907.

have been dealt with by Dom H. Leclercq, formerly of Solesmes, Mgr. J. P. Kirsch, Professor at Fribourg, and Professor Buonaiuti of Rome; neither are we conscious in these cases of any unpleasant shock in passing from other pages written by those whose native tongue is English. The editors seem to us, in this matter, to deserve much credit for the efficient way in which they have supervised these translations. Speaking generally, the literary tone of the volume strikes us as quite exceptionally good, and many of the articles are models of a crisp and vigorous style, clear to follow and pleasant to read. We may in particular refer to Mr. A. F. Bandelier's article on *America* as excellent in this as in other particulars, as well as to several contributions of Dr. T. J. Shahan and Mgr. Loughlin. Of such writers as Dr. William Barry and Father Kent, who are better known to us, we naturally expect no less.

The present instalment extends from *Aachen* to *Assize of Clarendon*, and in the very wide range of subjects included in this section the volume seems fairly representative. To criticize in detail is almost impossible, if it were only from the fact that many of the articles constitute quite considerable little treatises, some of them on account of their condensation requiring most careful reading. Naturally, the English subjects most readily attract our attention, and for the most part they have been entrusted to English writers. *Anglicanism* is left in the capable hands of Mgr. Moyes; *Anglican Orders* in those of Father Sydney Smith; *Anselm* is treated by Father Kent; *Ancren Riwele*, by Abbot Gasquet; *Allen*, by Mgr. Ward; *Abbey*, by Dom N. Birt; *Armada*, by Father Pollen; *Anglo-Saxon Church*, by Father Thurston; *Assize of Clarendon*, by Dr. W. Barry, and so on. In the few instances where this rule has been departed from, the results do not seem to us to have always been happy. *Alfred the Great* is not one of the strong articles in the volume. That Alfred is represented as contending against an insurrection of the Danes in 903, whereas we are told at the beginning that he died in 901, is probably due to a misprint; but the failure to mention the chronological difficulties of the reign, the omission of any reference to Stevenson's monumental edition of Asser (which, again, in the notice of *Asser* is described as in preparation, though it appeared in 1904); and the inaccurate account of Alfred's literary work can hardly take shelter under the same plea. Again, in Mgr. Kirsch's account of *Annates* it is surprising to

the English reader to find no mention of the question which played so conspicuous a part in Henry VIII's quarrel with Rome. On the other hand, the editors have often been generous of space in providing for English subjects. Much as we appreciate the controversial labours of the late Mr. T. W. Allies, we should hardly have expected to find a longer, we had almost said a more eulogistic, biography accorded to him than to Alfred the Great. Indeed, the notice of Mr. Allies is only a little shorter than that of Cardinal Allen. Another illustrious Englishman, Pope Adrian IV., has been dealt with, and very capably, by an Irish writer, Mr. A. Ua Clerigh, K.C. It is interesting to notice, both as a testimony to the scholarly impartiality perceptible throughout the *Encyclopædia*, as also for the value of the opinion in itself, that Mr. Ua Clerigh sums up in favour of the genuineness of the famous Bull, *Laudabiliter*. Some other topics of more directly Irish interest have not been quite so fortunate in their patrons. It is curious to read an article on St. Aengus (*sic*) which betrays no consciousness that his immortal *Felire* has been edited and translated not once but twice over in recent times by Dr. Whitley Stokes. And to pass to another matter, it is quaint to find a statement in the article on *Alanus de Rupe*, an old friend of the readers of THE MONTH, to the effect that "Alan's works are published by Graesse in his *Trésor des livres rares et précieux*." The writer of the article can hardly have been aware that Graesse's book is only a bibliography, and that if he published Alan's works, it is in the same sense that Mr. Quaritch may publish all the works of St. Augustine in one of his catalogues. To turn to other matters, there is an excellent article upon *St. Alphonsus Liguori*, by Father Castle, C.S.S.R. So far as we have seen, it is the best of the hagiographical contributions to the volume, unless, indeed, we reckon under this head Abbot Butler's account of St. Anthony the hermit. In the domain of liturgy, Mr. Henry Jenner, F.S.A., has provided a very compact and able study of the *Ambrosian Liturgy*, which may compare favourably with the article on the same subject in the *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie*. Dr. Adrian Fortescue also writes ably on the Liturgy of *Alexandria* and on that of *Antioch*. The relatively long article on *Animals* is apparently limited to a learned identification of the animals of the Bible, a study more befitting a Dictionary of Holy Scripture. Probably we may expect some discussion

of the mediæval symbolism of animals under the word *Bestiary*. Of course some Biblical questions, those dealing with the Higher Criticism for example, are very much in place, and they have in no way been neglected. The articles on *Acts of the Apostles*, by A. E. Breen, *Apocrypha*, by G. J. Reid, *Apocalypse*, by Dr. Van den Biesen, &c., have all had plenty of space allotted to them. As for the philosophical and theological articles, we can only say here that the needs of the twentieth century enquirer have evidently been carefully considered, and that such topics as *Agnosticism*, *Animism*, *Apologetics*, &c., have been treated with all due seriousness. On the whole, the general impression left by this first instalment of the *Encyclopædia*, in spite of an occasional *lapsus* such as must inevitably occur in such a work, is highly favourable, and we can only regret that in this hurried review we have been compelled in so many cases to allow the well-known names of the writers to stand in lieu of more distinct and formal commendation.

2.—PLATO AND ARISTOTLE.¹

Mr. Barker's original intention, as he tells us in his Preface, was to write an introduction to Aristotle's *Politics*. But it became evident to him as he proceeded that Aristotle's political theories could not be adequately understood without being placed in relation with the political theories of his master, Plato, and, indeed, not with Plato's only, but with those of the whole circle of Greek thinkers of that age, such as Socrates on the one side and the Sophists on the other. Further, it seemed desirable to pursue the subject into the future as well as the past, and attempt to trace the influence of those two great masters on the political theorists of the Middle Ages. It was a comprehensive scheme, requiring much study and reflection, which the author has conscientiously given, and with satisfactory results. The utility of such a work is not merely for the classical student but still more for the political student, who can find in these ancient studies of social organization the self-same ideals conceived, principles ventilated, tendencies and consequences predicted, as are in the minds of modern theorists. And here the contrast between Plato's ideal and Aristotle's comes in most appropriately. Both these theorists started from the doctrine of the equality of all men, or rather of all free

¹ *The Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle*. By E. Barker, M.A. London: Methuen and Co.

men—for it did not occur to them to regard slaves as other than things. But Plato took the individual as the social unit, just as modern Socialists are apt to do, while for Aristotle the family was the unit. Given the individual as the unit, Plato argued that communism was the system which equality postulated, and from communism in property he saw that the logical consequence was community of wives. For other reasons, indeed, he recognized the necessity of confining the sway of these principles to a portion only of the community, but they represented what he conceived to be the ideal for all so far as was attainable. Aristotle went deeper, and recognized that both for moral and economical ends the principle of family units was the sounder, and that the system of family units was incompatible with communism, which, moreover, adds to and does not remove the causes of dissension, whilst destroying the chief incentive to energetic and profitable labour. But these are just the fundamental points. There is much else in Aristotle, which Mr. Barker brings out, and much that evinces the acuteness of his insight and furnishes guidance for the solution of modern social problems.

In his account of Patristic and medieval theories Mr. Barker is not always so successful. Thus on page 500 we are told that, "Since the Church, the city of God, was the one real and vital organization, the State necessarily sank to a secondary position. It was a result of original sin; it would never have existed but for Adam's fall. Its mission was preventive: it existed merely to do the sordid work of an executioner." Secondary, yes, but essential none the less, and independent of the Church save only in cases where spiritual and temporal interests clashed. This, and this only, is the doctrine which at times incidentally and partially, at times systematically, is expounded by the Patristic and medieval writers. Nor do the few passages quoted by Mr. Barker bear any other meaning. St. Augustine¹ is quoted as teaching that the State is the result of original sin. But St. Augustine is not talking there of the State at all, but only of slavery and mastership, which he says is a relation that only the existence of sin would justify. Mr. Barker seems to have been misled by the term *dominari*, which he has taken as equivalent to *regere*. St. Augustine would have said that *regere* was what a king ought to do, *dominari* what he ought not to do in the exercise of his sovereignty. Nor, again, does Gregory VII.² say that

¹ *De Civ. Dei.* xix. 15.

² *Epist.* viii. 21.

"kingship" is "an invention of those who . . . have presumed to tyrannize over their equals." He is talking not of kingship, but of the origin of dynasties, which—in contrast with the origin of the Papacy in the words said to St. Peter—he says truly, had lain mostly in acts of usurpation and tyranny.

Again, on page 501 the author's point is that "the true king is distinguished" according to the ancient church writers, "from the tyrant by one great feature; he rules under the limitation of law." And then he cites St. Augustine as teaching that "the king is bound by the law;" and Hincmar of Rheims "as sustaining the theory of limited monarchy, quoting the dictum of St. Augustine that 'men judge the laws when they make them, but when they are once made, the judge cannot judge them, but must act in accordance with them.'" Certainly these ancient writers did distinguish, even in definition, between the "king" and the "tyrant," but they would not have set the difference in any theory of limited monarchy which the one respected and the other disregarded. They would have set it in this, that the one remembered, the other forgot, that a king's duty, as the vicar of God, was to govern for the good of his people, and to subordinate his interests to theirs, not theirs to his. As for St. Augustine's dictum, it is only an incidental allusion introduced to illustrate man's relation to the eternal law of God, and there is no reason to suppose he means by the judge who must obey the law more than the judge deputed by the sovereign for that purpose,—who, though when engaged in passing the law he is his sovereign's counsellor, must observe it in his administration of justice. As for the king himself and his obligation to respect the laws he imposes on others, it is well stated by St. Isidore of Seville (in *Sent.* iii. 51) in a passage quoted in full in Mr. Carlyle's *Medieval Political Theory in the West*, a writer to whom Mr. Barker acknowledges indebtedness. "It is just that a prince should obey his own laws; for when he himself respects them he may expect that others will obey them." It is a question of example and propriety, not of legal obligation.

3.—THE CATHOLIC RECORD SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.¹

The Catholic Record Society deserves our warm congratulations for the high aims which it sets before itself, and the

¹ *Lord Burghley's Map of Lancashire in 1590.* Edited by Joseph Gillow. London: Catholic Record Society, 1907.

perseverance with which it follows them up. The pretty little volume now sent us for review is a model of thorough work. The excellent paper and the printing of the Arden Press arrest the eye at once, the full Index, the handsome reproduction, and the scholarly notes assure the reader at a glance that he has in his hand something worth perusing and preserving. The map is taken from that interesting collection of Lord Burghley's to which Dom H. N. Birt has recently called our attention. Though there are two maps of Lancashire extant a trifle earlier in date than the one before us, the choice of this for reproduction is justified by its clearness, and the names which it furnishes. Mr. Gillow conjectures that it was actually drawn up in order to help Elizabeth's officials to hunt down the Catholic landowners, which would certainly give it a very great interest indeed in our eyes. But though this motive was ever present in those persecutors' minds, it hardly seems proven that it here excluded all others, or even notably predominated over them. The significance of Lord Burghley's crosses cannot of course be overlooked, but they are after all subsequent additions, and not very numerous.

For the rest Mr. Gillow is seen at his best when commenting on the Lancashire Recusants, and the abundance of information he presents to us is indeed refreshing in these days of "thin" and "padded" volumes. No one perhaps but he could have described to us the curious roundabout ways in which Catholicism ran in these families. Some there were, all honour to their lineage, who stood firm from first to last. But the greater part (no wonder) wavered now and then, and Mr. Gillow's complete familiarity with the subject is shown in tracing the line of Catholicism, now in the female lines, now jumping a generation or two, now slowly dying, now strangely reviving. A more systematic record of the conformists would have been an advantage. The apostasy of Lord Mounteagle, for instance, at the period of the Powder Plot is not mentioned. We regret the paucity of precise references, a not inconsiderable defect, surely, in a book otherwise so scholarly. We have hardly noted any slips, and they are quite unimportant; to wit, on page 1 at lines 43 and 46, and page 18, line 44. To point them out would over-emphasize them, and the discerning reader will easily recognize and correct them for himself.

4.—PERSONAL IDEALISM AND MYSTICISM.¹

The Paddock Lectures are apparently addressed to an Academic audience across the ocean, and this, Dr. Inge would plead, is his justification for the condensed and often esoteric style in which he wraps up his thoughts. Still, in publishing these lectures, he addresses himself to a wider circle, who will surely be irritated when they find their endeavours to understand him thwarted by the omission of intermediate links in the statement of important arguments, and the occurrence of recently coined technical terms of which no sufficient definitions are vouchsafed. The very name of the book is an illustration of this second defect. He tells his readers that Personal Idealism is the name given to their system by the Pragmatists, but he unwarrantably assumes that the reader will see at once in what way the term expresses their leading idea; Mysticism too is a misty word which no two readers, unless aided by a careful definition, are likely to take in the same sense.

Dr. Inge is a Neo-Platonist, and the object of his lectures is to recommend the method of Plotinus as the most suitable method of attaining to the knowledge of God, and to communion with Him. We dare not, in a matter so obscure, commit ourselves to any definite statement as to the extent to which he accepts the various constituents of Plotinus's scheme. His readers must settle that for themselves, and they will not find the task easy. But undoubtedly he accepts the Neo-Platonic distinction between the One Good, the intelligible world, and the soul-world which dips down into matter. He holds too with this system that the object of human life should be to ascend from the soul-world to the intelligible world, "which is even now partly open to us," and in which the victory over evil is attained; and perhaps also to ascend to a still higher sphere in which—we can only set this down without professing to understand it—"the intellect in love" loses itself in the supreme transit which is its goal and the end of its labours." This is the philosophical ascent, by the side of which, in Dr. Inge's system, there is the ethical ascent, just as with the Neo-Platonists of old. The civic virtues are on the lowest scale; the cathartic virtues follow by which characters are purified

¹ *Personal Idealism and Mysticism.* The Paddock Lectures for 1906, delivered at the General Central Seminary at New York. By William Ralph Inge, M.A., D.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

through self-discipline, and thereby come to learn that God is not "the Infinite," but, on the contrary, is known to us as the Principle of Order and Limitation; and in the third and highest scale the state is reached in which the dualism of conflict between the good and the evil is superseded, and "the will no longer divided against itself, passes into intelligence . . . and the broken images of order and beauty which we have trained ourselves to observe and reverence in the world, begin to form themselves into a glorious universe of gracious design through which the divine wisdom passes and penetrates, mightily and sweetly ordering all things."

Perhaps this is enough to show how strange are the paths along which the author would lead us; but, there is much more in the book which it is difficult not to find unthinkable. Thus he will not allow us to think of ourselves as "impervious spiritual atoms," in other words as having each his own personality apart from others. "This," he says, "is contrary to experience and to Scripture; to experience which reveals to us only a series of feelings, and acts of will and thoughts"—"the unity which we assume to underlie and connect these states (being) certainly not given (and being), even known to us as not to be a fact but an ideal;" and to Scripture, according to which "man has a $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$, a soul, a personality (which) is not his indefectibly" (but) "may be lost," or rather has to be "acquired in patience" and according to which "we are all one in Christ," with a oneness which is not to be understood metaphorically but literally.

We cannot imagine what practical purpose lectures like these can be hoped to serve, and we should like to know what were the intentions of Bishop Paddock in founding the lecture-ship under which they were delivered.

5.—INSTRUCTIONS TO PAPAL NUNCIOS IN FLANDERS
(1596—1635).¹

Though M. l'Abbé Cauchie's book concerns itself chiefly with Belgium, it contains information about England, which will hardly be found in print elsewhere. There were more English Catholic refugees in the Netherlands than anywhere else, and it was chiefly in that country that our "Foundation

¹ *Recueil des Instructions Générales aux Nonces de Flandre (1596—1635)*. Bruxelles: Publie par Alfred Cauchie and René Maere. 1905.

Movement" took place (1605 to 1635), which restored to this country the Religious Orders, and not a little of the ecclesiastical organization which has lasted till this day. On all such subjects the Papal Nuncio in Flanders had more to say than any one would expect who has not looked into the papers of the Nunciature. For though we all know that the Pope rules the Church, but few realize with what fulness of detail all questions of importance are sooner or later referred to him for information, advice, sanction, or reform. Here are memoranda relating to events of all sorts, the Missions of the Irish Jesuits to the Keltic-speaking islands off the West of Scotland in 1615, the domestic affairs of some English nuns on the Continent, constitutional points of great importance, as the introduction of a Bishop into England, or of great delicacy, as the divisions between Seculars and Regulars, and of Order against Order. As to the latter subjects, it may not be amiss to note that the rulings here given are not necessarily the last word of Rome; on the contrary, they are often first impressions, or transitory working rules, which may be a good deal modified later. We regret the late appearance of this review, due to the misdirection of the volume.

6.—THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS.¹

The fascination of the *Fioretti* is felt even by those who have little sympathy with the Catholic Church and her Religious Orders, and the never-ceasing flow of new editions is a striking evidence of the fact. The edition before us is quite charming in its get-up, and is enriched by some forty beautiful reproductions of famous medieval paintings. Of the Preface and the Notes one must say that it is a pity they should be disfigured by observations savouring of Protestant prejudice. Thus in the Preface this is what we read :

As to the permanent results of the preaching of St. Francis it is impossible to speak with certainty. Very many, no doubt, were turned to God; but the age was one of crass superstition, and what appealed to the people were too often the accidents rather than the substance of Francis' life. His ecstatic visions, his personal austerities, the miracles which he wrought in his life and those which he was expected to work

¹ *The Little Flowers of the glorious Messer St. Francis and of his Friars.* Done into English, with Notes, by W. Heywood. With an Introduction by A. Ferrers Howell. London : Methuen and Co.

after his death,—these were the things that caused him to be canonized by the popular voice even in his lifetime. When he was brought back to Assisi to die . . . all they cared for was to secure possession of his corpse.

Is it necessary to say that all this does not prove that his contemporaries had no appreciation of the virtues which are the essential features of his sanctity, but on the contrary proves that they had, as unquestionably they had?

And again :

The transient character of St. Francis' spiritual influence is only too apparent from the most cursory survey of Italian history. Had his gospel of love really taken root among the people—there would have been an end to the civil strife and bloodshed which had so long prevailed in that part of Italy.

But what a test to apply ! Apply it to our Blessed Lord's spiritual influence, and you might prove equally well, or ill, that it was of a transient character. In reality a most cursory survey of subsequent Church history testifies to the lasting, the widespread, and mighty influence exercised by this great Saint.

In the Notes we find such comments as this. In Chapter iii., where the Italian has *era grandissima devozione* (to see St. Francis conversing with Friar Bernard), and the Latin has *erat hoc videre mirabile*, the note tells us that "in Umbria, in the fourteenth century, the term 'divozione' had already acquired a spectacular significance," and hence infers that "it is just possible that the writer of the passage under consideration may have desired to imply that to see St. Francis talking to Friar Bernard was as edifying as a miracle play." And again, where St. Dominic comes in the *Fioretti* and, edified by the poverty of the Franciscans, and desirous of having the same strict observance in his own Order, says, "In the name of God do I curse [what is the original word thus rendered ?] all the friars of my Order who shall presume to have private property," the annotator's unhistorical remark is, "just the genial methods of persuasion which we should expect from the man who was the friend of the bloodthirsty De Montfort . . . and for whom is claimed the glory of instituting the Holy Inquisition." There are other instances of this uncongenial spirit which might be quoted, but these may suffice. It is a pity that a book so good should be spoiled by these blots.

Short Notices.

BOOKS on the Catechism abound, and it is well they should, as the catechist likes to have a certain variety to choose from. *The Commentary on the Catechism* (Herder) is a translation by the Redemptorist, Father Girardey, from the German of a Father W. Faerber, a deceased priest who had great experience in teaching Catechism. There is a freshness in the treatment such as is not always found, and it enters into the subjects with a sufficiency which will render it serviceable for the instruction of adults as well as children.

Death, real and apparent (Herder) is a curious book translated from the Spanish of Father Juan Ferreres, S.J. It is on the question when death really occurs, and argues, on the basis of several medical testimonies, that life is not perhaps extinct till some time after it is usually supposed to be so. The book is for priests as bearing on the question when the sacraments can be administered to persons apparently dead.

Father R. de Riess's *Atlas Scripturae Sacrae* has received so much well-merited praise for its accuracy and clear arrangement, as well as for its useful gazetteer, that it is enough to mention the bare fact that it has passed into another edition.

Ritual in Catholic Worship (Art and Book Company) is by Father Procter, O.P. It gives to the public the revised text of five sermons preached at Westminster Cathedral on Ritual, its use and abuse, its soul, its language, its centre, its development. Ritual is a subject which the English people have come to take much more kindly to than they did half a century ago, and many may like to read this clear and convincing exposition of the reasons why the Church is so elaborate in the ceremonies of her divine worship.

It is impossible to think Father Lieber's tract on *The New Theology* (London: Washbourne) will serve any useful purpose. The tone is repellent and the grasp of the doctrine to be refuted inadequate. For instance, we read "*Sin is the quest for God.*"

Go on sinning as much as you like, seems to say Mr. Campbell, and by that means you will find God." This is most unfair. What Mr. Campbell means by this phrase is an important truth, the truth that what impels a man in all his pursuits, even those which are sinful, is a desire for happiness, and this God alone can really satisfy. Again it is untheological to deduce the fact of the Fall from the prevalence of suffering in the world.

Humanizing the Brute (Herder) is a title which suggests a book of instructions for wives as to how they may tame brutes of husbands. It is in fact a useful and searching little treatise on the nature of animal instinct and its essential difference from human intelligence. The writer, Father Muckermann, S.J., dedicates it to Father Eric Wasmann, S.J., of whose careful studies of animal life he makes much use.

Les Ennemis d'Israel (Paris: Lecoffre) is by M. Antoine Dard. It is an account of a visit paid to the regions anciently inhabited by the two principal enemies of Israel, the Amorrites and the Philistines. The title suggests that the writer's object was to aid Bible students by describing the topography of those parts, but another object, which occupies even more space, has been to describe the ways of the modern inhabitants, and of the Catholic missions there placed.

Father W. Phillipson has revised and edited the seventeenth century translation of Père Boutauld's *Method of conversing with God*. It has the quality of unction as well as clearness and simplicity, and will be a help to those who wish to learn how to pray. A penny edition of a more modern translation of the same book was lately brought out by the C.T.S., but Father Phillipson thinks his own edition, bound in cloth, may still be useful. Père Boubée's *Les Promesses du Sacré Cœur* (Tournai: Casterman) is a series of Meditations for First Fridays.

In *L'État hors de L'École* (Gand: Imprimerie Siffer), Père Delplace, S.J., voices the mind of those who in Belgium are anxious that the State should cease to own and conduct schools. They would leave it to private enterprise to open schools according to its liking—Catholic, Protestant, "neutral," or Jewish—and then on the numerical basis of the votes recorded by the parents of the district, under the secrecy of the ballot, they would have the State or the Communes subsidize these free schools proportionately.

The Catholic Truth Society sends *Alleged Difficulties in Holy Scripture*, by M. N. (a signature not unknown in THE

MONTH), *The Primacy of St. Peter*, by Francis King, *Faith-healing in the Gospels*, by the Rev. R. H. J. Steuart, S.J., and *Socialism and Religion*, by the Rev. John Ashton, S.J. All are good, and the last two will be particularly serviceable at the present time.

The Hon. Charles Russell has published under the title of *The Catholics of London and Public Life* (Burns and Oates), his paper read at a recent meeting of the "49 Club." Based on an estimate of the voting strength of Catholicism in London, it advocates the cause of Catholic Federation. To have a Catholic party in London is neither possible nor desirable, but it is well that we should be able to set our case effectively before our friends of either party in the State or the County Council; and that, with a view to this, we should be better represented than we are on the governing bodies and administrative departments. Mr. Russell's paper is well worth reading, and under his zealous leadership let us hope that the good cause of federation will make some progress.

Father F. M. de Zulueta's *Consecration to the Divine Heart* (Washbourne) is a booklet of musical devotions, and is primarily intended for use on the feast of the Sacred Heart at the public annual act of devotion recommended by the Holy See in its decree of August, 1906. Most of the music is already known, but two pieces, one for the Latin Litany of the Sacred Heart, the other for a Consecration Hymn, are new compositions by the author. They are marked by the same devotional spirit and effective setting of the words which is characteristic of Father Zulueta's music.

In a recent number we noticed Father Joseph Rickaby's *Waters that go Softly*, and remarked on the need of good books for spiritual reading written not by English authors and attuned to modern English life. *A Spiritual Retreat* (Burns and Oates) is just such another work, and is by the veteran Father Reginald Buckler, O.P. It contains good sound spirituality on such subjects as the Knowledge of God, the Knowledge of Ourselves, Tepidity, the Formation of Habits, the Religious Life, the Priestly Life, Mental Prayer, stated clearly and simply, and in the language of a man who speaks from his heart.

Magazines.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

ÉTUDES. (June 5 and 20.)

The Christian Tradition in History. *A. d'Alès*. Michael Angelo, Sculptor. *E. Sortais*. Veuillot and Brunetière. *L. Chervillat*. The Finances of the Holy See at Avignon. *J. Doizé*. Is China awakening? *A. Wetterwald*. Huysmans. *P. Suau*. The "Sin" of the Missionaries. *A. Bron*. Letters from Everywhere. *L. Perroy*. Obedience in the Army. *M. de la Taille*. The "Imitation." *J. Brucker*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (May 28.)

Pope Pius X. upon Modern Catholicism and Culture. The Training of the Imagination. *M. Meschler*. The Symptoms of Decay in modern literary Criticism. *H. Stockmann*. The Lynching of Negroes in the United States. *R. Schlitz*. Benares. *J. Dahlmann*. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1907. IV.)

Dr. J. M. Raich, Dean of Mainz. *C. Forschner*. The Teaching of the Patriarch Sophronius. *H. Straubinger*. The Liturgical Cultus of Abbot Wigbert of Fritzlar. *Dr. Bruder*. The Suppression of the Pilgrimage of Nothgottes in the Rheingau. *K. Müller*. Cardinals Wiseman and Manning in the Westminster Cathedral. *A. Bellesheim*. Reviews.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (June 1 and 15.)

Our Theological Studies—Dogma and History. Pope Liberius and Arian Fabrications. The *Chef d'Œuvres* of Sculpture in the Thirteenth Century. The Archæology of the *Agnus Dei*. Dogma and Criticism. Heresy and the Legislation of the First Christian Emperors. Kant and Independent Reason. Father Kern's new Treatise on the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE (June.)

The Historical Value of the Fourth Gospel. *L. Murillo*. The Montagnini Episode. *A. P. Goyena*. The German Universities. *R. Ruiz Amado*. The Great Mexican Earthquake of April 15, 1907. *M. Navarro*. Reviews.

